The Relief Society Magazine

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION 1962

VOL. 44, NO. 1

Lessons for April

JANUARY 1957

Courtesy *The Deseret News-Salt Lake Telegram*

GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

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New Year's Greetings

THE general board extends love and felicity at the new year and reminds Relief Society members that "men are, that they might have joy." Glad hearts, cheerful countenances, love, hope, and charity in the souls of Relief Society sisters will reflect themselves in the lives of others and show forth to our Heavenly Father our gratitude that we are privileged to enter into the marvelous days of 1957, illuminated by the light of the gospel and the blessing of Relief Society.

While the Lord enjoins us to "be sober," he also promises us, "And inasmuch as ye do these things with thanksgiving, with cheerful hearts and countenances, not with much laughter, for this is sin, but with a glad heart and a cheerful countenance . . . the fulness of the earth is yours" (D. & C. 59:15, 16).

As the new year is born, the general board wishes for every Relief Society member, deep, abiding joy throughout 1957.

Affectionately,

Belle S. Spafford
Marianne C. Sharp
Velma N. Simonsen

The Cover: The Floating Gardens, Xochimilco, Mexico
Photograph by Otto Done
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From Near and Far

I am so happy to start my subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*. We have always had this *Magazine* in our home, and since a young girl I have read the wonderful stories and marveled at the information contained therein. My husband and I are in Germany in the service and so enjoy our Church activity here. It is a joy to be a member of Relief Society and to be able to have the *Magazine* for my own now.

—Shirle Debenham
Weisbaden, Germany

The story "One Bright Star" by Myrtle M. Dean, in the November 1956 *Magazine*, is so sweet, and makes the reader feel glorified with its humbleness. Many homes throughout the world will be blessed by this story of the *real* Christmas spirit.

—Ruth M. Penrose
Salt Lake City, Utah

May I thank all concerned who have so kindly sent me *The Relief Society Magazine* all this year. I have really enjoyed reading all the lovely things, for in them I find I can learn quite a lot. I have looked forward to receiving the *Magazine* each month from so far away. I do not belong to your Church, but I have some very dear friends who do.

—Mrs. L. Carrington
Leeds, England

I can't begin to tell you how much I appreciate our wonderful *Magazine*. I only wish it were bigger or came more often. I especially enjoy the wonderful recipes. They are so easy to follow and call for items that are readily available. The stories are always very enjoyable and of great benefit. Our Relief Society has only four members, but we do receive much inspiration from the *Magazine*.

—Alice M. Mann
Iwakuni, Japan

I should hate to miss a copy of *The Relief Society Magazine*. I find every copy a wonderful incentive to better living.

—Mrs. Maude E. Grable
Southgate, California

As I was looking through some of the *Magazines*, I noticed the lovely poems, especially the ones that come as frontispieces at the beginning of the *Magazines*. I also enjoy the lovely stories, particularly the continued ones. I have found the editorials most interesting. I am sure that everyone who subscribes to the *Magazine* gains something worthwhile.

—Mrs. Viola Wasden
Rexburg, Idaho

With the November issue of our inspiring *Magazine*, I say "Best yet." May I spotlight my special eulogies on story-writer and poet Margery S. Stewart. To me, there is always such warmth and such a fine message in her story themes. And in the poem "November Afternoon," I recall rich color pictures her words and phrases gave to me.

—Helen L. Backman
Ogden, Utah

We have received the extra copies of the *Magazine* which you have so generously assigned to this mission. The copies that are sent for use in the servicemen's groups are put to good service. . . . The other subscriptions we have used to send to the district Relief Society presidents, of whom we have eleven. These sisters take advantage of . . . members in their districts who speak English, and have these sisters read the articles and stories and present them to some of their groups in German. In that way more of our German sisters have the advantage of the messages and inspiration from the *Magazine*. Let me tell you how much the *Magazine* means to me personally. I read it from cover to cover each month, and the messages I find in the stories and articles give me a spiritual boost for which I am very grateful. Then I love to read about the activities of the other missions and stakes, because it gives us a feeling of belonging, even though we are a long way from home.

—Bernice O. Dyer
President
West German Mission
Relief Society

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Homemaking, the Ideal Career for Women

Annie M. Ellsworth

Member, General Board of Relief Society

HOMEMAKING, in its truest sense, is woman's greatest career. No other profession occupies the attention and efforts of more women than that of homemaking. There is no vocation so important and so challenging as successful wifehood, motherhood, and homemaking. It is the sphere in which women can find the most happiness and render the greatest service. The making of a home is the highest and best in woman's realm.

Today, homemaking is a much more complex task than it was in the days of our grandmothers. While women have been released from much of the physical drudgery in the home because of human ingenuity and inventions, many more complex problems and responsibilities have been added. In the eyes of trained home economists, if homemaking is to maintain its central position in human life, and to be permanently satisfying in a world of economic freedom and beckoning outside careers, it must take on professional standards and secure professional recognition.

Regardless of the circumstances in which a woman lives, whether alone in an apartment, with or without children, she can still make a true home to which she can invite her relatives and friends, and in which she can be a gracious homemaker and extend warmth and hospitality. Her home can also be a place where her varied talents, purposeful accomplishments, and many-sided personality find satisfactory expression.

A marked difference exists between homemaking and housekeeping. Homemaking, in its highest form, is a creative calling. Housekeeping is more or less a static occupation, the ministering of the physical comforts of life to the family, and has less to do with the production of values. Where the ideal is to make life better for the family and for friends and neighbors who may enter, the homebuilder has a dynamic responsibility in homemaking. A person can keep house and yet not make a home. Real homemaking requires a resourceful mind, ingenuity, and thoughtful consideration.

There are various types of homemakers. Included are those who have a sincere desire each day to excel in their sphere of homemaking and those who consider each day just another day of drudgery. It rests in the point of view. One person may view a gorgeous sunrise with ecstasy and gratitude for the glory and beauty of God's creation and for the challenge of a new day. Another may view it as just another daily appearance of the sun. A person may go into one home and leave

with a desire and determination to be a better person because of the hospitality and uplifting influence radiating within that home. A visit to another home may have an entirely different effect on the same person because of a lack of warmth and friendliness. This latter home is soon forgotten.

To the true Latter-day Saint woman, the gospel can have a refining influence in her life which will be reflected in the home, in the lives of the members of her family, and may even be carried into the lives of her neighbors and friends who may enter her home.

FOR successful homemaking one of the important qualifications is a sense of its challenge and a sense of true values. As homemakers, are we interested in ease and pleasure, or in work, real joy, service and hospitality? Which are the greater possessions? It is the true homemaker who excels in the challenge and makes people want to return to her home, whom we now wish to consider.

The following worthwhile values in this ideal career — homemaking — may be worthy of consideration: the spiritual, the cultural, the aesthetic, the physical, and personality development. Each is a component part of the integrated whole, and each should find lodgment in successful homemaking.

The ideal homemaker reflects a deep sense of spiritual values in her home — humility, compassion, an understanding and forgiving heart, reverence, courtesy, kindness, and the worth of character. Her home will take on this refining, spiritual influence which will be felt by those who enter it. The atmosphere or spirit of the home is greatly improved where religion plays a dominant role. Someone has rightly said: "There is something about religion and spirituality in the home that clears the atmosphere and makes the home a delightful place in which to live."

The cultural atmosphere is enhanced with good books, selective magazines, and discriminating music. People notice it. Hospitality is increased and a person's heart is warmed by these friendly contacts. One develops a high regard for the homemaker and leaves inspired, lifted, even with a feeling of kinship.

In the career of homemaking one must not lose sight of the aesthetic values which enrich and glorify the atmosphere of a home — the lovely needlepoint on the dining-room chairs or on a footstool, the fine choice of pictures on the walls, the handmade rug, the heirloom, the attractive house frock the hostess is wearing, and, by all means, the colorful flower garden in the backyard. Nothing creates more warmth and beauty in the home than an attractive arrangement of flowers from one's own garden. The following verse typifies the feelings of a lover of flowers:

If thou of fortune be bereft
And in thy store there be but left
Two loaves, sell one and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

—From "Not By Bread Alone,"
by James Terry White

Art creation and appreciation in the home enrich the lives of each member, and carry the influence beyond the home into the community.

A humble pride in her accomplishments brings contentment and satisfaction to any homebuilder.

The physical satisfactions are many and varied. The aroma of freshly baked bread, spicy apples, pumpkin pie, fruit cake, or the smell of savory soup reflect upon the atmosphere of the home. Today, when so many of these delectable foods are purchased over the counter by housewives, it makes one wonder if fine cookery is becoming a "lost art" to the home. Do we as homemakers invite our friends in for home-cooked meals, or do we take them out to dinner? Nothing glorifies homemaking more than for a happy group to gather around the dining-room table, spread with delicious home-cooked food, and enjoy a meal together, enhanced with delightful conversation. Or, is the dining-room table and its many happy, festive occasions also passing into oblivion? A dinner in the dining-room, served with leisure and in a tidy surrounding, would be a continuous and potent means of bringing the family closer together, likewise, friendships.

OLD-fashioned homemade merry-making in the home is not so frequent as it used to be, due, perhaps, to the present struggle of making a living. A committee on homemaking, called by President Hoover during his administration, said: "If the home is to function as it should in encouraging friendships, in broadening the social horizon of the family, and in making its members feel themselves a part of the community, there must be an effort to bring back some of its old-fashioned hospitality." The challenge is great. I knew of one homemaker and her husband who held open house on Saturday nights for all of the Latter-day Saint servicemen from two aviation fields, serving them with fresh homemade bread and jam. Was that a phase of real hospitality, bringing sweet memories of mother and home to those boys?

Personality development is ever a challenge to the homemaker. Through effort, observation, love, service, and sharing, she unconsciously develops strength in personality which has its reward—a better homemaking career. Every homemaker owes it to her family to look her best, as it will reflect upon the home atmosphere. Good grooming, proper care of her person, correct posture, cleanliness and neatness in dress, observance of health rules, all add up to a delightful personality and create poise and charm. A sense of humor is another valuable asset. Elizabeth MacDonald, in her book on homemaking, said: "The woman who has a gallant attitude is seldom long-faced." The value of a smile cannot be over-estimated. The memory of it may last a lifetime. Dr. Royal L. Garff (University of Utah), in addressing a large group of women, said: "There is nothing like the magic of a smile to turn on the brakes of personality."

Success in home finances must have a place in good homemaking. The ability to use money wisely is quite as important as the power to earn it. Through budgeting and record keeping, the homebuilder can acquire frugality in spending the family income.

Budgeting of one's time is an-

other important aspect in an orderly home. The final result should be an increase of leisure time. An occasional change in the regular routine of duties, constructive imagination, and executive ability should invent new and better ways of doing things which should result in more time for other accomplishments. This time should give the homemaker moments for selective reading, personal hobbies, social functions, community and Church activities, which help to cultivate an appreciation for interests beyond her own household and have a stimulating effect in the home as well.

Truly, the challenge of good homemaking is great and the dignity of successful home management is unexcelled. In a talk on homemaking, Mrs. Sterling Ercanbrack* said: "A home, like a person, has a body and a soul. House furnishings, heat, light, food, clothing, etc. make up the body. The thoughts, feelings, attitudes and purposes which pervade the home constitute the soul." Regardless of how elaborate or how humble a house may be, a spirit of hospitality, friendliness and charm can radiate within its walls and characterize home entertainment. If the homemaker would perform well in this career of homemaking, she must assume these responsibilities with integrity and courage.

"Abundant living evolves primarily from the happy family. Such objectives have their roots deep within the culture of the Latter-day Saint people. Family life is the matrix of spiritual development, the foundation of society, and the basic unit of the Kingdom of God" (Dr. Marion C. Pfund, Dean of College of Family Living, Brigham Young University).

And now, just one more visit with the "ideal" homemaker who has chosen homemaking as the "*ideal*" career. Today, as always, you are greeted with a ready smile and a warm friendliness. Regardless of how busy this homemaker may be, there is a feeling of calmness, serenity, and charm. You sense a feeling that you are the only one that matters. The same reflection is felt throughout the home of a charming, hospitable, gracious personality. This is one of the greatest attainments of a homemaker in homemaking. You go away relaxed, lifted in spirit, determined again to be a better person and a better homemaker. Yes, the homey, friendly, hospitable, and spiritual atmosphere is what characterizes the ideal home.

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*Member of the Board of Trustees, Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah

Award Winners

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the three winners in the 1956 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. This contest was announced in the May 1956 issue of the *Magazine*, and closed August 15, 1956.

The first prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Christie Lund Coles, Provo, Utah, for her poem "Remembering the Handcarts." The second prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Frances Carter Yost, Bancroft, Idaho, for her poem "Christmascope." The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Joanne B. Rose, West Jordan, Utah, for her poem "Benediction to Summer."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society general board since 1924 in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission of the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

Mrs. Coles appears for the third time as an award winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. Mrs. Yost and Mrs. Rose are first-time winners.

There were 143 poems submitted in this year's contest. Entries were received from twenty-three states, with the largest numbers coming in order, from Utah, California, Idaho, and Arizona. Six entries were received from Canada, three from England, and one each from Nova Scotia, Panama Canal Zone, Yugoslavia, Australia, and South Africa.

The general board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest. The general board wishes, also, to thank the judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the general board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and biographical sketches of the prize-winning contestants, are published in this issue.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest

CHRISTIE LUND COLES

First Prize Poem

Remembering the Handcarts

Christie Lund Coles

It was not worth the cost, the cynics said,
Reading again the names of those who died,
Remembering the graves of lonely dead,
Covered by rocks against the rushing tide
Of elements . . . the snarl of wind, the snow;
The sharp, relentless beat of sleet and rain;
The fang and claw of wolves whose hungers know
No pity . . . not worth price of blood and pain.

Yet, we who stand within the valley's arch,
Green as the Eden of another day,
Watching each temple spire rise like a torch
Of truth, of verity, to guide man's way,
We, travelers upon the path they laid,
Thank God they found it worth the price they paid.

FRANCES C. YOST

Second Prize Poem

Christmascope

Frances Carter Yost

PART I: Walk With the Shepherds

Though paper angels dangle on each tree,
And frosted cherubs string each neon light,
The world, in tawdry tinsel, does not see,
Or even sense, a Gabriel, in white.
Come! Walk along the paths of Galilee.
Where Virgin Mary, favored of the Lord,
And humble Joseph, her own covenantee,
Counseled by angels, walked with one accord.
They stroll the shepherd's starry hill and dell,
Don robes of meekness, take the staff of faith.
Hear the archangels sing with Gabriel,
The sacred carolers, a holy wraith.
While jeweled starlight guards each woolly fleece
Walk with the shepherds to the shrine of peace.

PART II: Come Be a Wise Man

Though glistening stars festoon each Christmas tree,
And asteroids bedeck each store and street,
The world, bent on quick-witted repartee
And selfish merriment, almost delete
The pointed meaning of the yuletide star.
Come! Be a wise man, take the road to him.
(Be not a Herod who sees not afar.)
As they, let not the light of love grow dim.
As they, take gifts; the gold of gratitude;
The myrrh of mercy and of charity;
The frankincense of faith and hope renewed.
A gift too worldly, is as filigree.
We can be wise men, too, and go with them.
Follow the star that leads to Bethlehem!

PART III: Bend Low to Him

Ebony leather, and the rhinestone heel
Now point and pivot in each wayside inn.
Proud men and haughty ladies sip with zeal
Strong nectar, while the world is clothed in sin.
Have we forgotten whose birthday is this?
Have we forgotten star and angel song?
We, too, have filled our inn with avarice,
As lusty Romans drank their cup of wrong.
Bend low to him, though time is now far spent;
Kneel as the shepherds, worship at his feet.
Only through him can we find real content.
Only through him life's lyric can repeat.
Although the world seems bent on trumpery,
Accept his gift of immortality.

JOANNE B. ROSE

Third Prize Poem

Benediction to Summer

Joanne B. Rose

What captive power is fettered to the wing
That lures the feeding gull from sea-sucked shore;
What sad, relentless song does autumn sing
Compelling the restless birds to wheel and soar?
Flocking in gray-white clouds behind the plough
They gorge themselves where rich black soil's unfurled;
Skimming the earth they scream a parting vow
To leave this plain till trees are blossom pearled.
Theirs is the cry that ushers winter's breath . . .
The cry of motion spent—of purpose lost;
Theirs is the cry of gulls at summer's death
As mourning earth is draped in a veil of frost.

Note: For biographical sketches of the award winners in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, see page 45.

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the award winners in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest, which was announced in the May 1956 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed August 15, 1956.

The first prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, for her story "Strength for the Way." The second prize of forty dollars is awarded to Edith Larson, Manton, Michigan, for her story "Mother's Shoes." The third prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Vera H. Mayhew, Berkeley, California, for her story "The Slow Hurry."

Mrs. Young is a first-time winner in the Relief Society Short Story Contest, although she has received two awards in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. Mrs. Larson was awarded third prize in last year's story contest. Mrs. Mayhew is a winner in the story contest for the second time.

The Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest was first conducted by the Relief Society general board in 1941, as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, and was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1957. Twenty-five stories were entered in the contest for 1956.

The contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The general board feels that the response to this opportunity continues to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

Prize-winning stories are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except on written permission from the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the stories submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate.

A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

The general board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The general board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

First Prize-Winning Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Strength for the Way

Sylvia Probst Young

SOFTLY, so as not to awaken Jim, Anne Hadfield slipped out of bed and stole from the tent into the night stillness. Over the bluffs moonlight lay like a mantle, but not a breeze was stirring and the air was heavy and almost as hot as at midday.

With a weary little sigh, she sat down on a nearby log. Council Bluffs—wagons and tents; the lowing of cattle; the smoke of campfires—a camp of Israel. How long it had been since she had known the comfort of her Nauvoo home. It was February when they had left Nauvoo with the first company of saints—February and this was July—only five months. But living out-of-doors, knowing cold and hunger, being deprived of all of the easy living she had known in Nauvoo had made her young heart yearn so much to be back there again. Still, with Jim beside her, with his strong, young love to warm and comfort her, she hadn't minded so much the hardships or privations on the way. Jim's courage and fine sense of humor had been like a staff in her hand. But now — now, Jim would not be here. A tear stole down her cheek and she brushed it away. Before her stretched wagons and tents of men—recruits for the United States Army—fathers, husbands, and sons from Mt. Pisgah and Garden Grove, who had come to join with the men from Council Bluffs. Tomorrow they would leave for Fort Leavenworth.

SYLVIA PROBST YOUNG

Less than a month ago Captain James Allen had come to Council Bluffs to see President Young. He had asked for five hundred men to help defend the United States in a war against Mexico. It seemed almost ironical that he should point out the governmental protection offered them when they had been driven from state to state, and had suffered untold persecutions. But President Young, with loyal patriotism, had begged the saints to dis-

tinguish between the conduct of the states separately and the conduct of the states collectively. The nation, he said, was not responsible for their present outcast condition. So patriotism had won because of President Young, and Captain Allen was getting his men. But in Anne's heart, there was a bitter resentment toward the President, and she wondered how he could have seemed so willing to let the men go.

Jim had enlisted, of course—and tomorrow he would be gone. She would be quite alone then, with not even a relative near. Here in this wilderness she would bear Jim's child, and he would be far away in the barren country beyond. . . . She covered her face with her hands and let the warm tears flow.

"ANNE — Anne, darling."

It was Jim's voice. She turned to look at her husband. Jim Hadfield, tall and brawny and straight as a pine, was as fine an example of clean, Mormon manhood as the battalion could have. He came to sit beside her, his protective arm around her waist.

"Honey, what are you doing out here?" His words were full of tender solicitude.

"I thought you were asleep, Jim, so I came out here."

"I was asleep until I discovered you weren't beside me. Anne, you have to get your rest, dear."

"I couldn't sleep — tomorrow you'll be gone."

He put a hand under her chin and looked down into her eyes.

"But I'm here tonight — right here beside you," he made an effort at speaking lightly.

"Jim."

"Yes?"

"Did you know that Jennie Peters is going with the battalion? She enlisted as a cook. Jim, if I weren't having the baby I could be going, too."

He looked at her gravely then. "Anne, are you sorry about the baby?"

"You know I'm not." Her tone was fringed with impatience. "I've been as glad about it as you have, but your going makes everything so different." She wanted to add—"I don't see the reason for it, either," but she didn't. She had argued on that before and it only upset Jim. He was convinced that President Young had no alternative.

"It's being alone that will be so hard." She tried to keep her voice steady.

"Anne." He put his other arm around her and held her close, his voice was husky. "Leaving you will be the hardest thing I've ever done. I've thought about it constantly. One thing gives me comfort. I say to myself: 'Anne's the kind of girl that can take it with her chin up; she's as good a soldier as I'll ever be.' You've already proved that, dear."

For a long moment he looked searchingly into her upturned face. "I want you to remember something always — I'll be with you all the way. Across the miles that separate us I'll be asking God to bless and comfort you," he spoke earnestly, "and my every thought will be with you back here."

Anne looked into the dark, serious eyes so close to her own, eyes full of love and tenderness for her. She answered with lips brushing his

brow. Then gently Jim gathered her in his arms and carried her back into the tent and to bed.

In the still darkness he led her to talk about the future when he would be back and meet her and their baby in the promised valley of the mountains; of the home they would have and of the wonderful years before them.

His gentleness lifted the load from her heart, and, peacefully as a child, Anne closed her eyes and went to sleep, not knowing how great the weight on her husband's heart.

THE following day, July twentieth, was a busy one for the saints at Council Bluffs. Jim Hadfield, as a corporal in the newly formed battalion, met with all the other officers in a private council with President Young. The President gave them a farewell blessing, he counseled them to remember to be clean, virtuous, and prayerful. Prophetically he promised them that they should not be required to shed human blood.

In the afternoon there was a farewell ball in honor of the departing men. It was a gay party; to the canto of fiddles and the jingle of bells, young and old danced the Virginia reel and the Copenhagen jig beneath the shelter of a bowery prepared especially for the occasion. Hand in hand, Anne and Jim Hadfield watched the dancers, smiling and gay as the others. No one would have guessed that it was a time of parting for all of these merrymakers.

When the sun dipped behind the sharp skyline of the Omaha hills, the dancing ceased, and a farewell quartette sang a parting song. Goodbyes were said then.

Anne and Jim clung to each other for that brief moment.

"I'll be praying for you always," he whispered, "take care of yourself — and the baby." Then he kissed her gently and smiled into her shining eyes. She returned as brave a smile as his.

"That's my girl, no tears, darling."

No tears — she had shed them all the night before, and she had resolved that he would not see her cry today.

They took up their line of march then, tramping to the strains of the band with the Stars and Stripes waving above them. Five hundred men marching toward Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where they would receive their uniforms and supplies.

Standing with those who were left behind, Anne watched until her eyes could no longer distinguish anything but a cloud of dust. Then she turned toward her own wagon, the heart within her heavy as stone.

"Everyone will be good to you," Jim had said. They were. Sister Hansen, who was camped next to them, brought her a dish of beans and a slice of corn bread for her supper.

"I told Jim I'd keep care of you," she exclaimed, "and I mean to do so. Peggy could come and sleep here with you, if you like."

Anne smiled at this big, motherly neighbor. "I'll be just fine," she said, "just knowing you're close by."

But long after the camp had settled down for the night she lay staring into the darkness. Last night Jim had been here with her—tonight she was alone. It was the

most heart-tearing experience she had ever had, being without Jim. It had only been hours since he had gone; it seemed an eternity.

The western movement would have to stop now, without the men they could not go on. Here they would build quarters for the winter, and here their child would be born —hers and Jim's—with no kin to give her comfort. How much must they all bear for this new belief?

Her thoughts turned to Nauvoo then; ever since Jim had enlisted Nauvoo had been in her semiconscious mind. Back in Nauvoo there were those who still worshiped God—those who had stayed with Emma Smith—her own father and Aunt Carrie. If she could be in Nauvoo when the baby came. A sudden idea made her sit upright in her bed — Nauvoo — if she could go back to Nauvoo. Surely between now and November there would be wagons returning to help the sick and needy to evacuate. She had heard some talk of it. They could have her team and wagon for the privilege of a ride back. She was strong and healthy and young; she could easily make that trip. In Nauvoo, her baby could be born in a house with a doctor and Aunt Carrie by her side. In Nauvoo, she would not be alone or afraid. When Jim was discharged from the army he could come back for her. He would understand and he would not disapprove—he loved her too much for that.

The idea grew and took possession of her. She would go to the President himself. She would tell him why she wanted to go back. How could he refuse her wishes, wasn't he directly responsible for Jim's absence?

With a little smile, Anne closed her eyes and dreamed of Nauvoo and the happiness she had known there.

She awoke before dawn the next morning, the idea still paramount in her thoughts. All morning she toyed with it. The one disturbing thing was Jim; she was not at all sure that he would be pleased. But Jim was gone, she argued with herself, and she had to make her own decisions.

RESOLUTELY she dressed in her best brown calico dress and her pink sunbonnet, and wearing high courage, in the early afternoon, she went to see President Young. But her heart was beating rapidly, she had never talked to the President before. On the various occasions when she had heard him speak he seemed quite stern, and his manner brisk. Would he be displeased to have her take up some of his time?

But the voice that greeted her was gentle and friendly. Anne looked with surprise into the rugged face of the man who was leader of the entire company. He didn't seem surprised to see her; it was almost as if he had been expecting her visit.

Inside of his tent he found a chair for her. "I don't believe I've had the pleasure of meeting you before," he said, holding out his hand.

"I'm Anne Hadfield," she answered. "My husband is Corporal James Hadfield of your battalion."

A look of gentle compassion softened the stern lines of his face. "Those men," he said, "are the

cream of Israel. There are no braver men on earth, but not one of them is any more courageous or valiant than the woman he has left behind.

"Sister Hadfield," the President's face grew grave, "it was not easy for me to send your corporal away from you, I had no other course. We have known great trials, perhaps none greater than this. But, my dear sister, remember — we are never alone. The God of heaven is guiding us as he has always done. He is forever mindful of you and of me — of all of us. He is at the helm. With trust in him you can endure whatever trials may come your way. God will provide for you here the same as he did in Nauvoo.

"Back in Nauvoo there are men and women who have chosen not to follow — the way is too hard, the sacrifices too great. But it is God's chosen course for us, and, if we remain true to that conviction, we shall reap blessings that they who stay behind shall never know."

As he spoke his face reflected wisdom and calm assurance, and the truth of his every word sank deep into Anne Hadfield's heart. It seemed he could read her very thoughts, and she felt strangely uncomfortable in his presence.

BRIGHAM Young, a prophet of God—there was something majestic about him. And suddenly she remembered the conference in Nauvoo. It was as if she were seeing him now as she had seen him then, when the mantle of Joseph had fallen upon him; when he had spoken in the voice of the martyred one. She could never forget the spirit of that conference — how Jim's hand had gripped her own. She could feel that same spirit now, in the presence of this man. In that moment she was ashamed — ashamed of the weakness that had brought her here. Jim had spoken of her courage, what would he think of her now? A tear stole down her cheek — a tear of remorse, but a tear of relief, too. She raised her head, courage had returned; faith had been rekindled; doubt had gone, more quickly than it had come. It was almost as if the President had pronounced a special blessing upon her head.

She knew, as she had known at the conference in Nauvoo, that the way was here with this chosen prophet of God; there could be no turning back. But now she didn't want to turn back, for her strength had returned, and a warm, comforting peace filled her soul.

The President's face relaxed then, and he smiled down at her.

"Sister Hadfield, I didn't mean to give you a sermon. Now tell me how can I help you?"

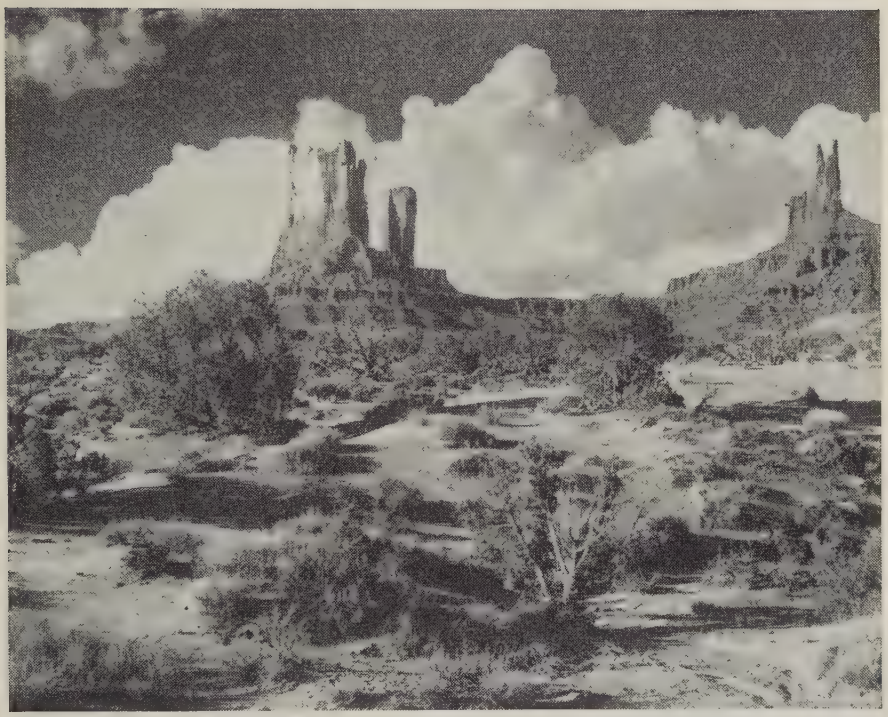
Anne looked at him with shining eyes. "I needed a little strength for the way," she answered, "and you have given me that. Thank you, President Young."

She held out her hand and he took it in his big, roughened one.

"God bless you," he said.

With her head held high, Anne went out of the tent, her eyes looking across the prairie to the future that lay beyond.

Note: See page 45 for a biographical sketch of Sylvia Probst Young.



Willard Luce

MONUMENT VALLEY, ON THE UTAH-ARIZONA BORDER
In the heart of the Navajo Indian Reservation

The Monuments

Hazel Loomis

I saw you spread your velvet robe.
I saw the curtain drawn
As night came down.
I closed my eyes,
And even dreaming knew, when come the dawn,
Like loyal friends,
You would be there
Unchanged,
Unmoved.

The Mexican Mission

Preston R. Nibley

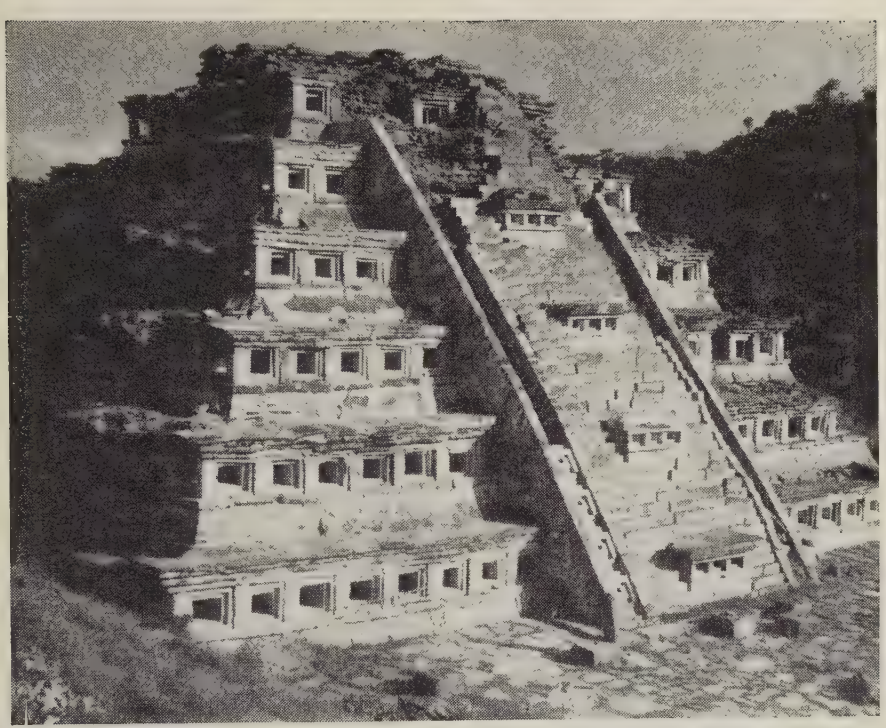
AT the October conference of the Church, held in Salt Lake City in 1875, Elders Daniel W. Jones, Anthony W. Ivins, Ammon M. Tenney, James Z. Stewart, Helaman Pratt, Robert H. Smith, and Wiley C. Jones were called to open a mission for the Church in the Republic of Mexico. As they were requested by President Brigham Young to explore Arizona and look for possible places for settlement by the Mormon people on their way to their field of labor, they traveled on horseback, taking their food, bedding, and camp equipment on pack animals.

After enduring many hardships while making their way across Arizona and New Mexico, they arrived in El Paso, Texas, during the first week of January 1876, and crossed the Rio Grande River, where they began their labors. They worked their way southward as far as the city of Chihuahua, held meetings and distributed their literature. In the fall of the year they returned to their homes in Utah.

At the October conference of the

Harold M. Lambert Studios

PLAZA OF MOUNTAIN VILLAGE, EL CHICO, MEXICO



Photograph by Otto Done

EL TAJIN PYRAMID IN THE STATE OF VERA CRUZ, MEXICO

Church held in Salt Lake City in 1879, Elder Moses Thatcher, a member of the Council of the Twelve, was appointed president of the Mexican Mission. Shortly afterwards he established headquarters in Mexico City, and with Elders James Z. Stewart and Meliton G. Trejo, began a vigorous campaign to make known the gospel message. The first baptisms took place in November and soon a small branch of the Church was established in Mexico City.

Except for a brief period (1889 to 1901) missionary work in Mexico has continued since that time. In June 1956, under the direction of Elders Harold B. Lee and Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve, the Mexican Mission was divided, and the Northern Mexican Mission was formed. Claudius Bowman presides over the Mexican Mission and Joseph T. Bentley over the Northern Mexican Mission. Before the division there were approximately 9,300 members of the Church in the Republic of Mexico, located in sixty-one branches. In December 1955, before the mission was divided, fifty-six Relief Society organizations were reported, with 1,183 members. Jennie R. Bowman presides over the Mexican Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine* is a view of the Floating Gardens, Xochimilco, Mexico. See also "Recipes From Mexico," page 38.

Bitter Medicine

Part I

Olive W. Burt

HELEN Lund was just a bit breathless as she hurried up the school-building stairs and into the auditorium where the P.T.A. meeting was to be held. As she opened the door, however, the buzz of conversation and the confusion of moving people told her that she was in plenty of time. She glanced quickly about to see where Lettie Young, her particular friend, was sitting.

Lettie was off to one side, standing by a group of talking women. She was looking down at them, but not joining in the conversation. Helen strolled over to her friend's side.

"Hi, Lettie. I see I'm early for once. It's such a chore to get Jill cared for for the evening. I don't know how you manage with three!"

Lettie smiled. "You'll find it gets easier with each one," she said. "Come on, let's find a seat before they're all taken. It looks like a real crowd tonight."

As they started toward the rear of the room, May Turner, who was the center of a chattering knot of women, looked up.

"Hello, Helen!" she called eagerly. "I'm so glad you've come. We were just talking about Tess Carlson's new car. You know they've just bought a new Cadillac, and I can't see how they can afford it. They live right by you, Helen—what do you think? Give us the low down. We're just dying to know. . . ."

Lettie gave a slight tug on Helen's arm and started to whisper something. But Helen looked down at May's upturned, eager face with eyes glinting in anticipation of what she thought she was about to hear. And Helen spoke pleasantly enough, "I don't know a thing, May."

May's voice showed no disappointment; in fact, it was even more urgent. "Don't pretend with me, Helen. You and Tess are good friends—and close neighbors. You must know what goes on over at their house. Where did Jim get the money for a seven-thousand-dollar car?"

Helen's voice was cool now. "I'm going to find a seat before they're all taken and I have to stand during the meeting. I'm too tired to do that, May," she said, and moved toward the rear of the big room.

"She's been talking about that car ever since she came into the room," Lettie said softly, "trying to make something of it. She's a born gossip."

Helen smiled with amusement. "Come now, Lettie!" she teased. "What do you call that remark of yours?"

Lettie flushed slightly. "It's catty, I know, and I shouldn't have said it. But if you'd been here the past ten minutes. . . ." She stopped abruptly, shrugged, and ended firm-

ly, "Skip it. Here're a couple of seats together."

They settled themselves, nodding and smiling at acquaintances around them. Then Principal Gleason stood up and called the meeting to order.

IT was an interesting meeting because the Parent-Teacher Association wanted to promote a project for raising funds to provide eye, ear, and dental care for the children who could not afford the proper treatment. Nearly every parent present had some scheme to suggest, and the discussion was animated and enthusiastic.

Helen listened attentively, because she knew she would have a large part in whatever project was decided upon. But, though she was listening, one half of her mind was still occupied with May Turner. May was becoming a real problem, and Helen was deeply concerned about it.

For it wasn't as if May were just a gossip and nothing else. She had many fine qualities — was cheerful and generous and a willing worker. She could be counted upon to do her share in any school or neighborhood project, and to do more than her share, if someone was in trouble or had sickness in the house.

And yet she did gossip — had gossiped ever since she moved into the neighborhood five years ago. At first, the other women had just smiled at her eager questioning, her quick interest in all their affairs. She's just trying to get acquainted—to be one of us — they had said charitably. She's new, and has to sort of catch up on the neighborhood background.

But as her prying became more and more determined, and the stories she retailed grew more and more fantastic, they had gradually come to leave her alone as much as possible. She wasn't too close to them, anyway, as most of the women in the neighborhood were Church members and had their Relief Society and other Church activities to draw them close together. May Turner did not belong to any of these groups excepting the P.T.A. But she was a neighbor; they met her at the market, on the corner waiting for a bus, in various neighborhood activities. And it had always been such a pleasant, friendly little community that none of them wanted really to "cut" the newcomer. They had just hoped that their example would cure her of her shortcoming.

But it seemed that the very opposite had happened. The more they avoided May, the more careful they were what they said in front of her, the more persistent and malicious grew her stories, until now she was truly unwelcome in their little friendly gatherings on porches of a summer evening, or at the back-yard barbecues, or the small neighborly get-togethers around a living-room fireplace on a winter night.

HELEN was abruptly awakened from her reverie by the buzz of conversation as the women around her stood up and began the inevitable chatter that followed every meeting. Lettie laughed down at her.

"Did you drop off to sleep, Helen?" she asked, amused.

Helen, too, stood up. "No, I was just thinking. . . ."

They started toward the front of the room, stopping to speak to a friend here and there. As they reached May Turner's seat, they found her standing in the aisle, blocking their path.

"I just couldn't let you go, Helen!" she gushed, "until I wrung out of you the story behind the Carlson's car. I know Jim's just a young lawyer — and young lawyers don't make much money in this town — not unless they're in some sort of racket. What's Jim's, Helen? Only thing I can think of is some crooked uranium deal!"

Helen tried to sidle past the woman, but May stood her ground firmly.

"Look, May," Helen said reasonably, "I don't know a thing about Jim Carlson's business, and I wouldn't even try to guess. It isn't any of my affair, you know. Now, if you'll just let me get by, I'll skip along home. Jill had a little cold, and I'm a bit worried. . . ."

"Oh, no, you don't!" May laughed, still good-natured, though Helen thought there was an undertone of stern determination. "I can't understand you, Helen. This is all between friends, you know. I wouldn't breathe a word. . . ."

"No?" Lettie said sarcastically. "Then why . . . ?"

May's look was suddenly angry. "I don't understand either of you! Why should you be so close-mouthed? Everyone can see that big car—it's no secret, is it? And if Jim got it honestly, he shouldn't care if the whole world knows about it. I'm sure that we don't have anything to be so cagey about. My life's an open book—and so is Ted Senior's. Anyone can ask us where we got anything — we live within our means! The only reason I can see for anyone's being so scared of telling about his affairs is if there's something shady — either in his present activities or in his past."

Helen smiled wryly. "There's such a thing as privacy, you know. . . ."

And Lettie added maliciously, "And the invasion of privacy!"

May ignored Lettie and looked at Helen. "What have you got to be afraid of, Helen Lund? Is Tony mixed up with Jim Carlson's deal? Or is there a skeleton hiding in your own closet that you are afraid someone will stumble across?"

Helen managed a short laugh. "I guess that's it, May. Come on. We'll have to get out or we'll be locked in here for the night."

She and Lettie pushed by May, and as they went on toward the door, they heard her mutter to the few stragglers who had stood by, listening to the exchange of words, "These pious people make me sick. If you could only see what's behind their pretense of righteousness, you'd be surprised!"

AS they walked down the pleasant street with its well-kept lawns and gardens, its neat houses and friendly atmosphere, Lettie said crossly, "Something ought to be done about her, Helen. Really!"

Helen shrugged. "I don't know what we can do, except ignore her. I don't think she really means any harm."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that, Helen. The way she looked at you

—and those remarks about skeletons in closets." Lettie laughed a little. "If you do have anything to hide, Helen, better hide it well or she'll dig it out."

"I'm not worried!" Helen answered quietly.

They parted on the corner and Helen walked on to her own house, her brow wrinkled in thought. Maybe she should be worried about May's gossip, for the woman could certainly concoct a fantastic yarn out of nothing. Uneasily, Helen reviewed Lettie's last comment. Lettie — her best friend — had there been a slight hint of a doubt in her voice? Had May's poison already tinged Lettie's thoughts?

Tony was in the living room reading the paper. He laid it aside as Helen came in, got up and came toward her.

"How was the meeting, honey?" he asked, and then, seeing her face, "something go wrong?"

"No, nothing," Helen answered. "We really got a lot done — the whole plan for a three-day bazaar laid out. I'm on the sewing committee."

"As usual!" Tony teased. "But why the frown?"

"Oh, Tony, was I frowning? It's nothing. . . ." She stood silent a moment and then looked up into her husband's eyes. "Tony, I was just trying to think — trying to remember if there's anything — if I've ever done anything that could cause talk among the neighbors. . . ."

Tony's concerned look gave way to an amused smile, as he ran an exploring finger along the smooth arch of her brow.

"You, honey? Well, if you had, you wouldn't have to cudgel your brain to remember it. It would be such a weight on your conscience that you'd be thinking about it all the time. Why the probing, anyway?"

He sat down on the settee, gently pulling his wife down beside him. "Come on, sweetheart. Tell me what this is all about."

Helen tried to laugh. "I know it's silly, but May Turner was at the meeting. She's upset about Jim Carlson's new Cadillac — began tossing hints around that he'd been in some shady uranium deal. Said he couldn't afford a car like that on honest earnings. Well, when I would not talk about it, she began on me — said I must have something to hide, and then Lettie said that if I did, I'd better hide it well — and, well, I just began to wonder. . . ."

Tony's laugh was hearty and genuine. "You women!" and then more gently, "you little goose, Helen!" He kissed the top of her head. "That's just May Turner — don't think about it. And if she finds anything in your past that should be kept a deep, dark secret, I'll treat the neighborhood to a barbecue supper. And speaking of supper—I'm hungry!"

Helen jumped to her feet. "Oh, darling, I'm sorry. I completely forgot about dinner. But it's all ready — won't take a jiffy to get it on the table. You get Jill."

She dashed into the kitchen. Tony was right—forget May Turner and her gossiping. Feeding her hungry family would certainly help. She tied an apron over her good dress and set briskly to work.

(*To be continued*)

Jungle Pilgrimage Into the Past

Nell Murbarger

IN our traveling to the west coast of Mexico, bound for San Blas, on the Pacific Ocean, we dropped nearly 4,000 feet in elevation, and the cool air of the mountains was succeeded by the warm moistness of the coastal jungle. Groves of waving bananas and papayas now occupied every pocket-sized clearing on the steep hillsides, and small plots of sugar cane lay like green scatter rugs on the floor of the valley.

Along either side of our road rose giant coquita palms, their trunks so closely spaced that we seemed to be traveling through a narrow and endless corridor of smooth, gray columns.

Beyond the jungle we entered upon a wide salt marsh cut by calm estuaries that wound back from the sea through dense thickets of mangroves. On the down-dropping branches of the mangroves lived matted clusters of white oysters, and busy multitudes of small glossy crabs, spotted and striped like agates. White egrets, rose-tinted flamingos, and tall herons stalked silently through the shallows, like judges on parade; and twice we saw the dark surface of the water part, momentarily, to reveal the long, gray-green snouts of cruising alligators.

After leaving the jungle and the salt marsh and crossing a wide, clear river, where men fished with hand-knotted nets and women knelt on the banks and washed their garments as in the times of Ruth and Rachel, our road dropped down to the Pacific Ocean and meandered to its end in the old town of San Blas — the Mecca of our jungle pilgrimage into the past.

Drawing to a halt in the shade of the plaza, we ranged inquiring eyes over this place where, in centuries gone, had been drafted so many of the blueprints of Western American history. But if we had supposed that San Blas would be different in appearance from any other of the many Mexican villages we had visited, we were destined to disillusionment.

San Blas was no different.

Here was the same old stone church; the same tiny, square shops looking out on the plaza; the same complement of tired, thin-bodied old men; the same tinkle of lonely music. In the cobble-paved streets and the well-swept yards, played the usual bevies of fat, brown babies; the usual gray burros and dogs and long-legged roosters drowsed in the shade of adobe huts and walls; and the same patient, Madonna-faced women were performing their housewifely duties in the same gentle fashion.

AS we ranged our eyes over the quiet, commonplace scenes of this commonplace village, we found it impossible to imagine that here had been the first shipping port on the western shores of both North and South America. Equally difficult to accept was the fact that this small town had once bustled with more

than 30,000 inhabitants, and had ranked as one of the most important cities of the New World!

If San Blas chooses to drowse in the sun, that should be her privilege, for San Blas is a very old lady! Founded in 1537—less than twenty-five years after Balboa's discovery of the Pacific Ocean—these same cobbled streets were echoing to the wheels and hooves of commerce when naked savages still roamed the site where New York would one day rise, and the fathers of the Pilgrims were yet unborn.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, with Sir Francis Drake and other British privateers preying on ships of the Spanish Main, San Blas had become a haven for great treasure galleons outward-bound from the Orient with cargoes of gold and

Charles K. Crawford

ABANDONED CUSTOMS HOUSE, SAN BLAS, NAYARIT

This flat-topped building, with interlocking arches, was a busy place in the days when San Blas was one of the main ports on Mexico's west coast.

Nell Murbarger

PALM-THATCHED HUTS AT THE JUNGLE'S EDGE, NAYARIT, MEXICO
(Outskirts of San Blas)

silver, and silks and carved jade worth a king's ransom. With the Panama Canal still more than 300 years in the future, it was necessary that the long sea voyage from Manila to Spain be made by way of Cape Horn. Not only was this a time-consuming course, but with pirates and privateers menacing the shipping lanes of the world, the long route added greatly to the potential hazard of every voyage. To combat these factors — particularly the danger of piracy — the Oriental treasure galleons were unloaded at San Blas and their rich cargoes repacked on burro back to be freighted overland, under heavy military guard, to Vera Cruz. Here the booty was placed on other waiting ships for the remainder of its 13,000-mile journey to Spain.

In connection with this monumental portage, San Blas had become the western terminus of one of the most incredible treasure roads in the history of the world.

BUILT nearly 400 years ago, this great portageway had extended from the Pacific coast to Nayarit, all the way across Mexico, to Vera Cruz, on the Atlantic — a distance of more than 600 miles, over high mountain ranges and through deep valleys and wide jungles. Nor was this continent-spanning road a mere trail packed down by the sandaled

feet of men and the hooves of animals. It was a true highway. Every foot of its 600 mile length was paved with cobblestones, fitted together in a tight mosaic; and every foot of that cobble-paved way was flanked on either side by stout stone fences!

San Blas later became headquarters of the Spanish explorer Gasper de Portola; and on March 16, 1768 —after the town had been already prospering mightily for some 230 years — the Franciscan priest, Fray Junipero Serra, had sailed out of San Blas harbor aboard a 300-ton vessel built in one of the several shipyards then doing business in the town.

The vessel was *La Purisima*, and Father Serra's destination was Alta California where he would subsequently establish his famous chain of missions — now the Golden State's oldest and most famous antiquities built by white men. During this same period, San Blas had been site of an important foundry for the manufacture of church bells, and many of the original bells used in the California missions had been cast here.

But Time was not good to San Blas. The day of the pirate ended, the treasure road was abandoned; other shipping ports became more favored, the harbor silted full. And, finally, this place where thousands of men had lived and prospered, declined in vigor until only a few hundred souls remain.

Phantoms

Bessie I. Peterson

The warmth of firelight is not warm alone—
It casts a spell in soft and friendly tone.
Cheerfully the clean wood crackles its delight
Glad to be the fuel of fire. . . .
And builds a phantom city, turrets blazing bright,
Ever changing, ever moving, quivering with light.
But suddenly the hungry flames, eager for their prey,
Consume the golden spires and towers
And crumble them away. . . .

And so it is with dreams—
Fair is the hope that builds our castles high,
But, left untended, they flicker out and die.

Great Men Pray!

GREAT and wise men and women of all the ages have sought and received help through prayer and have found an unfailing source of strength.

Washington at Valley Forge — Lincoln before Gettysburg — Eisenhower on D Day — Joseph Smith in the Sacred Grove — Jesus at Gethsemane and at Golgotha — all these have prayed!

"Grant us liberty"; "Preserve the nation"; "Give us wisdom"; "Deliver us from evil"; "Thy will be done."

And these, too, are proper petitions to an understanding Father in heaven:

The trust of a child at a mother's knee.

The prayer of a father for the return of a wayward son.

The student's honest seeking for answers to an examination.

A young man's reverent request for strength to do his best in a ball game or business venture.

The young woman's plea for guidance in choosing a husband.

The earnest soul's sincere desire.

That he answers these petitions (though in his own time and way) is a truth to which millions can daily testify.

What about you? Do you ever need help from a Higher Source? Then follow the example of the great and good and wise men of all the ages. Ask and receive. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Pray.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Birthday

Genevieve Groen

I hear them sing the celebration
Of his birth, the children caroling
The ancient Yuletide themes.

I seem to leave my log-fire, flaming
In its place, and find the frosted window
Where their voice-candle beams.

The lighted tones of their lyric pageant
Are sounds to me of blue veiled innocence
That chord the blessed scene.

In the cold night air their warm breath
Fables hills of lamb-fold where staves
Of shepherds are the notes unseen.

My fire's haloed burning reflects an Infant
Purity born and song-cradled in the hour
Of hymnal light.

Until the embers flash white-robed against
The blackened grate, a vision of choirs
Echoing in the night.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1897

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

CHARLOTTE BRONTE: A fragment of a letter written in Charlotte Bronte's own hand, shows her character as well as anything she ever wrote. It is the ending of a letter to Miss Nussey, and these are the lines: "Submission, courage — exertion when practicable — these seem to be the weapons with which we must fight life's long battle."

—Exchange

RELIEF SOCIETY IN CHICAGO: A notable event of the new year is the organization of a Relief Society in the great city of Chicago — so near to the place and in the same state where the first Relief Society was organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith. The following notice appeared in the *Deseret Evening News* of Jan. 9, 1897: "A Relief Society has been organized here lately with Sisters Bengta Benedict president, Sister Charlotte Esterbloom and Christena Soderland as first and second counselors, and Sisters Erekson and Brumley secretary and treasurer . . . ."

—News Note

It is always pleasant and gratifying to have young people marry happily . . . . In our belief we have not only a desire for union here, but for the eternal marriage in which we most firmly believe, and undoubtedly hope that all the young people in whose marriages we are so deeply interested may be so happy that they may continue throughout the eternal ages to come.

—Editorial

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE

Ring the bells for ninety-seven—
Let's have a great rejoicing;
Forgiveness, love and peace abound
The ancient custom voicing . . . .

—R. M. F.

THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS IN BERLIN: I cannot help saying it was a success . . . I am compelled to proclaim it. . . . During the seven days' Congress nearly all subjects connected with the woman question were touched, and not a single one lacked interest. The foreign delegates were agreeably surprised at the coolness and cleverness with which the German women delivered their speeches from the platform . . . but there is no denying the fact . . . ours was the good fortune to be enchanted by the magnificent and splendid speeches delivered by the foreign, especially by the English and American delegates . . . Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who gave us in her musical voice, a most interesting account of the temperance question . . . Mrs. Belva Lockwood who spoke in a most interesting manner on the political rights of women in the United States. . . .

—Eliza Ichenhauser

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MARIA MENEGHINI CALLAS, one of the greatest living singers, appeared in Bellini's opera "Norma," at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season in New York City in November. Born in New York City, Maria Callas received her musical education in Italy and has sung many difficult and triumphant roles at the La Scala Opera House. Her voice has extraordinary range and versatility, and for a singer still in her early thirties, her musicianship has been extolled as unrivalled among her contemporaries.

MRS. LORRAINE WASHINGTON, of Memphis, Tennessee, is founder and president of a very successful collection agency, dedicated to the interest of the debtor as well as the creditor. She learns *why* people are not paying their bills, then helps the debtors, sometimes even finding employment for them when they are out of work. The firm, with its friendly methods, is expanding into many states.

KAREN HANTZE, of San Diego, California, although only thirteen, has more than fifty trophies for her tennis matches and has won some of them in competition with adult women tennis stars.

MAUDE ADAMS, one of America's greatest actresses, is presented with charm and authenticity in a new biography *Maude Adams: An Intimate Portrait*, by Phyllis Robbins. Miss Adams, a granddaughter of Barnabas Lothrop Adams, a member of Brigham Young's first pioneer company, received her start as an actress in Salt Lake City. At a high point in her career (1902), she wrote from Switzerland: "The Alps are inspiring, but not friendly like the mountains that protect the lovely valley of Salt Lake. My childhood was guarded by the kindly Wasatch Range, and the Rockies were friends from my beginning." Miss Adams died in 1954.

DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON of Boise, Idaho, a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, is the author of *The Mystery of Contrary House*, an adventure story for the early teen ages. Vantage Press, New York City, is publisher of the book.

TRUDI BUXTON, eight years old, played Beethoven's Concerto No. 1 (for piano) with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra at a student concert. She is the youngest soloist ever to appear with this noted organization.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 44 JANUARY 1957 NO. 1

"Let Your Light So Shine"

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven (From Christ's Sermon on the Mount, Matthew 5:16).

THE New Year is the early morning of the seasons, and it comes to us radiant with opportunities for increasing our joy and usefulness. Self-appraisal and resolutions need not be empty words nor fleeting thoughts; rather, they may become the open doors of a bright beginning and the windows of direction for all the days of the unfolding year.

It is a responsibility and a blessing for us to realize that we are the reflectors and the transmitters of light. Our beliefs, our faith, our ideals, can be revealed and "shine before men" only through our attitudes, our words, and our actions. We know that we have been given a great light, "for the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light." If that light fails to shine through us, we may be shadowed and limited by doubt or negligence, disappointment or sorrow. The light may be dimmed by too much concern with our own problems which confuses the directions of the beams and restricts the areas of illumination.

Relief Society women have been given a guiding light which can direct their own lives and shine into all the far places where their influence and their service may reach. In the beginning of the organization, charity and sisterhood were the qualities most beautifully expressed. The sisters shared the blessings of the gospel; they shared food and shelter, poverty and bereavement, accomplishment and rejoicing, standing together in strength and bowing together in humility and prayer. They were particularly concerned with children — the beginning of life — and the care of the aged — those near the journey's end. They learned that a woman who stands alone is limited in her individual development and in her field of service, but in united effort, each one is strong in the strength and courage of the group — in the circle of the sisterhood.

Once the Prophet Joseph Smith took his wife and family to visit Emma's sister who lived in a lonely place on the prairie. That night Elizabeth set a large candle in the window, saying that it might serve as a light for someone lost on the prairie, and the Prophet remarked that the window was an example of a light shining in darkness.

Among our pioneer women there was a saying: "We all have something to give; we must reach a little deeper into the bin." In those days of uncertain harvests, the frugal women tried to keep a supply of flour in their homemade wooden

flour bins, and the symbol of reaching deeper into the bin was real to them. They clothed the saying with a spiritual meaning, and, if there was no flour in the bin and no other food to share, they gave of themselves in compassionate service, in days of home nursing, in hours of companionship with the aged, in comforting and caring for children. They learned that encouragement, compassion, and faith may be given to others, as they become a part of a shining light undimmed and unlimited.

It is our heritage to be the bearers of light, to reflect the wisdom and the beauty, the tenderness and the courage, the humility and the strength which are our possibilities and which may be fulfilled in us. May we seek for that uplifting serenity, so well expressed by the poet:

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.
—Henry Alford

—V. P. C.

Polio and the March of Dimes

Basil O'Connor
President, The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis

THE March of Dimes wants to finish the fight against polio. To do this, we must have your help — just as we had it in reaching the present hopeful position.

It's hopeful because final victory is now in sight. Thanks to the Salk vaccine, which was financed with March of Dimes funds, tomorrow's children will be spared the tragedy of polio. Thousands of today's children, however, still suffer from this crippling disease. There are many thousands for whom the victory is not so quick, and not so easy. These people still suffer from polio, and they need much more than an inoculation. They need mechanical substitutes for arms and legs and lungs. They need help in rebuilding shattered lives. Most of all, they need the hope which comes from knowing that they do not fight alone. We can't quit—we know you would not want us to quit — until these youngsters have had a chance to run and play again; a chance to grow up as strong and useful citizens for the years ahead.

The money in your pocket will help children to walk without braces. And, what is more, your dimes and dollars will help train the minds and hands of the professional experts so desperately needed in the treatment of crippled patients. Tens of thousands born too soon for the vaccine still need your help, and your help is needed to help finance research to perfect the vaccine.

That's the unfinished business behind this year's March of Dimes. You can help, as you have helped so generously before, the 1957 March of Dimes, January 2 to 31.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March

THE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day, March 3, 1957, has again been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society.

Suggestive plans for this evening meeting have been prepared by the general board and sent to the stakes in pamphlet form.

It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediately to arrange for this meeting. Music for the Singing Mothers should be ordered at once.

Award Subscriptions Presented in April

THE award subscriptions presented to *Magazine* representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the *Magazine* in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1956 will be mailed to ward and stake *Magazine* representatives about April 1, 1957.

Bound Volumes of 1956 Relief Society Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1956 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.50, including the index. If a leather binding is preferred, the cost is $3.50.

See schedules of postage rates in the Deseret News Press advertisement in this issue of the *Magazine*. If bound volumes are desired, and the *Magazine* cannot be supplied by the person making the request, the *Magazine* will be supplied for $1.50 by the *Magazine* Department, General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding.

It is recommended that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1956 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Sina Bishop Reid Makes Her Own Crochet Designs

SINA Bishop Reid, ninety-one, of Salt Lake City, Utah, has made many exquisite pieces of crochet work using her own designs. She won first place in a national contest for one of her original patterns, and her work beautifies the homes of many of her friends and relatives. Her specialties are doilies, chair sets, pillow cases, jackets, and bootees. Recently she completed her fourteenth tablecloth, which required four hundred hours of work.

During the time she works with her crochet hook, Sister Reid recalls the events of her long, useful life. She was only six years of age when she accompanied her mother in the fields where they gleaned wheat for storage in the Relief Society granary in Cache Valley, where she was born. She recalls the years when she worked hard to support herself and two children, as well as to help her husband with his missionary expenses; and she recalls the sending of three sons into the mission field.

Sister Reid is a talented musician and has sung many solos in Relief Society meetings and for other occasions. She has been a class leader in social science, theology, and literature. Her work as a teacher has been so outstanding that many younger class leaders seek her advice in the preparation and presentation of Relief Society lessons.

An Afterthought

Gene Romolo

His natal day has come again and gone,
But its reflected glory lingers on
To light our way and pave another year
With faith and hope and love that casts out fear.

Recipes From Mexico

Submitted by Jennie R. Bowman

Tortillas

2 lbs. corn (in grain)
2 oz. lime
3 qts. water

Wash the corn, add the lime and water, and place mixture on the fire. When boiling has progressed to the point where the skin can be peeled off the kernels of corn, remove the mixture from the fire and let it cool. Then squeeze kernels of corn in the hand for removing the skins. When all the skins have been removed, wash the corn thoroughly in cold water. At this stage the corn is called *nixtamal*. Then grind the corn to fine consistency to make tortilla dough. This dough can also be used for *quesadillas* (special cheese tortillas), *gorditas* (tortillas which are three or four times thicker), etc.

Making Tortillas the Mexican Way:

Divide the dough into small balls, and, one at a time, with the hands slightly wet, press the ball between the palms and fingers of both hands until the ball becomes flat and round, the thinner the better. Cook over a flat clay or iron broiler, called in Mexico a *comal*. When cooked, turn on the other side. Fold tortillas in a large napkin to keep them warm and stack in a round basket, folding part of the napkin over the top of the stack of tortillas.

Tortillas may be baked on a griddle or in an ordinary oven.

For variation, ground cooked meat may be rolled inside the tortillas. Sprinkle grated cheese over the top.

Red Chile Enchilada Sauce
(for serving with tortillas)

1 tbsp. powdered chile
1 tbsp. flour
1 c. tomato puree
⅛ tsp. onion juice
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
1 tbsp. lard or other shortening
½ lb. grated cheese

Heat the required number of tortillas, one at a time, for two or three seconds. Then dip into the sauce. Remove from sauce and sprinkle with grated cheese and chopped onion if desired. These may be rolled or stacked on individual plates. Fried eggs are often served on top of a stack of three or four tortillas.

Dry red chiles may be used in the sauce in place of chile powder for better flavor. To make, use six large dry chiles. Remove seeds and veins. Wash and drop into hot water; let come to a boil and drain. Again place over flame with one cup hot water and boil gently for five minutes. Put through a colander and add as much as desired to the tomato puree.

Make sauce by first heating the shortening and flour then adding the liquid (tomato puree and onion juice).

Chile Gravy Puebla Style
(Mole Poblano)

1 turkey or chicken
½ lb. chiles (mulato)
7 oz. chiles (anchos)
4 oz. chiles (pasilla)
3 oz. sesame
4 oz. almonds
3 oz. raisins
3 oz. peanuts
1 oz. bread
7 oz. lard
3 qts. meat stock
2 oz. chocolate
3 chiles (chipotles)
4 tomatoes (roasted)
3 onions
6 cloves of garlic
1 tortilla
1 tsp. anise seed
8 black peppers
5 cloves
1 stick cinnamon
2 oz. sesame to sprinkle

Cut the turkey or chicken in pieces, fry it in lard, in a large earthenware dish. When fried, add the chiles "chipotles," veinless and cooked, and ground with the roasted tomatoes; when dry, add one quart of meat stock and season with salt. Take the veins off the other chiles and fry them in the lard to brown slightly. The anise and sesame are toasted on a comal (a round piece of tin can be used). The almonds, peanuts, raisins, bread, tortilla and spices are fried in lard, then ground with the chiles, sesame, anise seeds, onions, and garlic. Dissolve all this in the remaining two quarts of meat stock, add the chocolate, and add to the turkey when it is well cooked. Leave on the fire till thick. Put on a platter and sprinkle with the toasted sesame.

Note: Mulato, anchos, pasilla, and chipotles are varieties of chile. A canned mole powder is commercially sold that makes a very good substitute for the original mole recipe, if used to season thickened meat stock or chicken broth to be served with the chicken or turkey.

Mexican Rice

½ lb. rice
4 oz. lard
4 oz. peas
6 tbsp. tomato puree
½ tsp. onion juice
2 c. meat stock
¾ tsp. salt
1 c. cold water

Soak the rice in hot water for fifteen minutes. Wash well in cold water till it comes out clear. Drain and fry in the lard. When it has taken on a golden color, drain off the lard and add the tomato and onion juice. Stir, then add cold water, the salt, and the peas and continue to cook.

When dry, add the hot meat stock, cover, and let simmer. Do not stir. If more water is needed sprinkle it over the top. When done, the rice kernels will be soft, fluffy, and separate. When served, the platter may be garnished with fried sausage, hard boiled eggs, or avocado strips.

Cherry Cookies
(Galletas)

½ c. shortening
¼ c. sugar
1 egg yolk (whipped until lemon-colored)
1 tbsp. grated orange rind
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 c. flour
⅛ tsp. salt
1 egg white, beaten stiff
½ c. chopped nuts
10 maraschino cherries

Cream the sugar and shortening. Add the beaten egg yolk and the grated rind of orange and lemon, then the lemon juice. Beat well. Sift in the flour and salt Mix well, then place in the refrigerator to cool. When cold enough to be firm, form into small balls and dip in the beaten egg white, roll in chopped nuts, and place on cookie sheet. Dent the center of each ball and put in each a half cherry. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven 350° F.

Milk Atole
(Beverage)

4 c. milk
2 c. water
½ lb. sugar
3 oz. cornstarch
1 stick cinnamon

Dissolve the cornstarch in water, add cinnamon, and put on the fire. When it starts to thicken add milk and sugar, let it simmer, and stir constantly with a wooden spoon, until it thickens like cream. Serve very hot.

This atole may be seasoned with chocolate, crushed, strained strawberries, or any fruit flavor.

A Doll Buggy for Christmas

Florence S. Glines

"AREN'T you glad they brought the doll buggy?" Three-year-old Bobby anxiously searched his mother's averted face, as he leaned on her knee. Five-year-old Ann cast an appraising eye over the old-fashioned buggy, brown and frayed, standing in the middle of the small sitting room. But Ruth stooped over, swooped up the yellow cat, and tried to make him sit in the buggy.

Barbara Lind forced herself to smile into the eager eyes of her three children so intently regarding her. "Yes, Bobby," she said, "of course, I'm glad. It was thoughtful of them to remember us and bring sister a buggy."

"He said Santa Claus sent it," observed realistic little Ann. "Why did he send an old one, Mother?"

"Because we're poor," said ten-year-old Ruth, adding defensively to her mother, "well, Mabel says we're poor now—she says we're 'widows and orphans.' "

Barbara searched her mind for some words she could say. These three eager, precious, little souls were so defenseless and dependent on her for their attitude toward the world! The thought was appalling.

"Oh, Bruce," her heart cried out, "that's why I simply can't go on without you!" Her own loneliness and longing she felt she could endure. She had those perfect years to remember, and she was already grown. But the children, what of them? What if she could not guide them right alone? Yet that was what she had to do, and all three were now waiting to hear what she would say to Ruth's outburst.

"Mabel doesn't know what she is talking about. We couldn't be poor, while we have so much. We have Father in heaven to pray to; we have each other; we have Daddy in heaven; we have uncles and aunts and cousins who always remember us; we have this nice house . . . ."

"Not so very nice," said ten-year-old Ruth under her breath.

"We have this nice house to live in," repeated Barbara firmly. "We have good food to eat; we have pretty clothes to wear; and you all have so many toys now that I don't see how we can take care of any more."

"But didn't Santa Claus know that I wanted a white doll buggy that was new?" asked Ann. "And doesn't he know that Christmas is not till day after tomorrow?"

"Of course Santa knows," said Barbara, "but nobody, even Santa Claus, can always do exactly what everybody wants. Then, too, there are some very kind people who like being Santa's helpers, especially for children. They don't want to get paid or fussed over, so they try to find some child who wants something they have and they send it. I suppose someone said Ann wanted a doll buggy, and a lady had one she wanted to give away, so she sent it to Ann and was a helper." Barbara searched their serious faces and felt that what she had said was not enough.

"Man bring the buggy," said Bobby.

"The lady got the man to bring it," explained Barbara. She waited, a prayer in her heart that she had not said too much, that she had said enough. She did not want to spoil anything lovely the children might have, and she did want them to understand things realistically, so that life might not be too hard.

"CAN we be Santa Claus helpers?" asked Ruth, slowly, weighing her words.

Ann and Bobby nodded vigorously. "Can we?" they echoed.

Barbara's thoughts flew swiftly. Whatever did she have they could give? "Why, yes," she said, "if you know someone to whom we can take something."

"I know," said Ann quickly, "Mrs. Savage! She's got no one. Nobody brings her Santa Claus helpers."

Barbara was about to protest. Old Mrs. Savage, who lived in the big house on the corner, whatever could they give her? She had everything. Well — not friends, which she didn't want. Barbara had heard that Mrs. Savage had come West and bought that house years ago to get away from people.

"And Vie and Bert in the back lot," said Ruth.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hobson," Barbara corrected automatically.

"They want me to call them Vie and Bert, Vie told me to," said Ruth, "and I call the baby Sammy."

There were plenty of things they could give the Hobsons. Barbara had a feeling of shame that she had not tried to do something for those struggling young folks before.

"Jimmy wants Santa Claus helpers," said Bobby.

Dear me! thought Barbara. Jimmy Armstrong would have much more Santa Claus than he could use. But if Jimmy was Bobby's choice, she would have to find a way.

The three little faces were turned to her now, enthusiastic and interested. The shabby little brown doll buggy and the upset it had started seemed forgotten.

"We don't want to take our Santa Claus helpers two days before Christmas," said Ruth. "I'd hate to be that kind of helper."

"What can we take, what can we take?" Five-year-old Ann was always one for immediate action.

What could they give? Barbara thought of all the boxes and drawers she had filled with things she was keeping for someday. Soon she had the children helping her pull them out and sort over to see what could be given. They found some of Bobby's baby clothes and a doll that rattled for baby Sammy.

"Here's this too-little blouse Aunt Rae sent you. It'll just fit Vie," said Ruth. "Now, if we can only find something for Bert."

BARBARA thought of Bruce's warm wool sweater, packed away in the cedar chest. Oh, no, not that! She was saving it for Bobby when he grew up. Then she seemed to see Bruce's grin and his easy voice saying, "Two years are long enough to hoard anything, honey," and she had to admit that keeping it for Bobby was only an excuse. Bobby wouldn't be big enough for maybe twenty years! She pushed aside her reluctance and

brought out the sweater with seeming gaiety.

"Oh, Mother," said Ruth, overjoyed, "you can't imagine how pleased Bert'll be! But should we? Daddy's . . . ."

"Daddy would want Bert to have it, I'm sure." Then Barbara added quickly, "I've thought what we can give to Mrs. Savage."

She showed them how to make a dainty pincushion with scraps of satin, lace, and a powder box lid stuffed with sawdust.

"Ruth got lots of things for the Hobson's," said Ann. "I only have one for Mrs. Savage."

"Jimmy's got nothing," mourned Bobby.

"What does Jimmy want?" said Barbara, perplexed.

"Everything he sees, if it belongs to somebody else," said Ruth, "and that goes for my stilts Cousin Dale made me last summer."

"Make Jimmy stilts!" exulted Bobby, "saw, saw, hammer, hammer!"

"Make stilts!" exclaimed Barbara, "why, I can't hammer a nail in straight, and as for sawing—Jimmy would walk with one foot up and the other foot down like in the Mother Goose rhyme!"

Bobby looked stricken, and Ruth volunteered doubtfully, "Maybe I could."

Barbara forced herself to meet the challenge. "I have an idea," she said. "We'll ask the scoutmaster if he can help us," and she hurried to the phone. It took courage for Barbara Lind to ask for help.

"I'll say we've got a boy who'd like to help!" said the man, "and thank you for calling. Toby Judd just came in. He's tops with a hammer and saw. Toby's shy and backward but . . . ."

"Wonderful, send him along. Thanks a lot," said Barbara, hiding her qualms about Toby Judd. Lots of folks thought Toby was not quite bright, but maybe if she helped, Toby could manage. Bruce had always told her that even if she did think her mechanical ability was nil, she was a big inspiration to talk to when a fellow was figuring out something.

She brightly urged the children to help clear away the boxes and drawers they had pulled out and make room for making the stilts in the kitchen.

IT seemed that almost at once, Toby was knocking at the door. His face was bright with expectation, though his smile was doubtful, as if he feared he might not be wanted after all.

"Here's the hammer and the saw," said Ruth, holding them out to Toby, "and Bobby has the nails, and the old shoe that Ann has is for the straps."

"There's a pile of wood scraps in the garage," directed Barbara, helping Bobby into his coat. "Maybe among you all, you can pick out some good pieces. Bring them back here and we'll see what we can do."

"Oh, Ma'am," Toby breathed, his face flushing, as the children crowded enthusiastically around him, "I love to make things. Come on kids, this is going to be fun!"

Ruth was back in a few minutes. "Mother," she said, "Toby says why can't we make the stilts out there. The cement floor and the

light and everything are just right, and we won't need to mess up the kitchen. And, Mother, Toby knows lots of things we can make! Have we got some glue and some sandpaper and some paint?"

Barbara gathered up the articles, and with paper, rags, and paint thinner, she took them out. Toby must be a veritable genius, the way he had them all working and having such a wonderful time!

Grateful for the free time to finish up her own Christmas preparations, Barbara got busy in the house, but she could not get Toby out of her mind. Big hands, no gloves; long arms, sleeves three inches above the bony wrists; he looked half-fed and neglected. No two ways about it, if Bruce's fur-lined gloves would stay on him, and if the plaid lumber jacket could be taken in, Toby should have them for Christmas.

It was supper time when Bobby stumbled in, trying to walk the finished stilts. Ann hugged a doorstop and a book marker for Mrs. Savage. Ruth tried to hide a very secret spool-holder for Barbara behind her with one hand, while she carefully carried some small bits of polished wood in the other.

"Look, Mother," she exclaimed, "you glue letters from alphabet macaroni on these pieces of wood to make your name. Then you get a tube of liquid cement and stick a little safety pin on the back in this little place Toby marked, and there you are! A wooden pin with your name on it! If you want it to shine, you varnish it."

"Marvelous!" agreed Barbara. "Put them on the dresser while we eat, and Toby, will your grandmother worry if you stay and eat with us?"

"His grandmother and sister have gone to visit his auntie," said Bobby.

So Toby stayed to eat, to glue names on the macaroni pins, to help string lights on the Christmas tree, and afterwards to sing carols with Barbara and the children.

"It's past bedtime," Barbara finally said. "We'll all have to hurry. And Toby, you must come on Christmas and help us eat that enormous turkey my Uncle Heber sent us from his farm."

"Yes, yes, yes," chorused the children.

Toby had forgotten to be shy as he had worked and sung with the children crowded around him, but now, only the quick flush to his face showed how thrilled he was at the invitation, as he mumbled his thanks and abruptly said goodnight.

"THE Hobsons never have turkey," said Ruth.

"Mrs. Savage has no big turkey, just for one people," observed Ann.

"Jimmy likes turkey," chimed in Bobby.

Finally Barbara agreed that first thing in the morning, they would all go invite the Hobsons, Mrs. Savage, and Jimmy Armstrong to eat Christmas dinner with them, and Toby Judd.

"Oh, how wonderful of you to ask us!" said Vie Hobson. "We'd love to accept, if you will let me help with the cooking."

"I'll surely accept that offer," said Barbara, "and I'm doing most

of it this afternoon to leave tomorrow free."

SINCE she had agreed, Barbara walked resolutely up to Mrs. Savage's big house and held Ann up to reach the knocker.

A maid led them into a pleasant morning room where Mrs. Savage patted Ann's cheek and then seated them all comfortably. She received the invitation with a stiff excuse until Ann impulsively ran to her and said, "We could have ice-cream roll; you know, like you gave me once, if you would come and bring it." It made everybody laugh, and the lonesome old lady accepted before she quite realized it.

At the Armstrongs, Jimmy's mother hesitated. "I really don't know what to say, Mrs. Lind. Of course, Jimmy's father and I were going out to a dinner party, but I've made arrangements for the cook and a maid to stay and feed Jimmy."

"Jimmy can come," and "I can go," chanted both little boys, holding hands and whirling around.

"But cook has made your special kind of plum pudding," his mother reminded Jimmy.

"He could bring his pudding, we wouldn't mind," observed Ann.

Barbara looked apologetically at Mrs. Armstrong, who smiled understandingly while Jimmy cried, "Hurrah! I can bring the pudding for the Christmas dinner!"

Barbara hurried her family home to get busy and see that every corner of the house was clean and shining for the big cooking event of the afternoon, and that all packages were wrapped and piled at the foot of the tree.

When Vie Hobson came over, the children all went for a walk. Bobby carried the yellow cat over his shoulder. Ruth and Ann pushed baby Sammy for a ride in the brown doll buggy which had caused such upset feelings and led to the whole plan for a neighborhood Christmas dinner and celebration.

"The shabby little buggy and what it stood for that I hated, has really turned out to be a blessing," Barbara marveled, as she watched the happy children.

She turned from the window to young Vie Hobson at the sink, smiling and gladly scrubbing vegetables, and it almost seemed she could hear Bruce say, "It isn't what you have that's good or bad, honey. It's what you do with it." She gave Vie a smile and, thinking of Toby and old Mrs. Savage and lonesome Jimmy Armstrong, said, "Isn't it wonderful about tomorrow? All of us here together like a family and nobody around lonesome! A real Christmas."

Enduring Beauty

Maude O. Cook

The sunset fades, rose petals fall,
The rainbow hues depart:
The only beauty which is ours
Is stored within the heart.

Biographical Sketches of Award Winners in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and First Prize Winner Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Christie Lund Coles, Provo, Utah, daughter of the late C. N. Lund, poet and newspaper publisher, and Celia A. Lund, is the wife of E. Elroy Coles and the mother of Carolyn (Mrs. John E.) Lewis. She has a small granddaughter Lynn Anne. She has contributed stories, articles, and poems to *The Relief Society Magazine*, and this is her third appearance as a winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. Her poems have been published in many magazines of national circulation, and she has been awarded prizes in local and national contests. At present Mrs. Coles is working on a novel and studying playwrighting at Brigham Young University. She is a member of the Utah Sonneteers, Poets of the Pacific, the League of Utah Writers, the National League of American Pen Women, Utah State Poetry Society, and other professional organizations.

Frances C. Yost, Bancroft, Idaho, is a frequent contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*. Her poem "Christmascope" marks her first appearance as a winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. Mrs. Yost is the wife of Glenn F. Yost, a rancher, and is the mother of four children. "My family and my Church come first," says Mrs. Yost, but she finds time for various writing activities. She is hometown correspondent for three daily papers, she assisted in the compilation of a ward Book of Remembrance, and is the author of two books of poetry: *Brim With Joy* and *While Orchids Bloom*. In 1954 Mrs. Yost received the award "Most Successful Homemaker" in the State of Idaho.

Joanne B. Rose, West Jordan, Utah, introduces herself to readers of the *Magazine*: "I am twenty-seven years old, have a high school education, and have studied the technicalities of writing through library books. I have written numerous personal sketches for our ward paper and am correspondent for a local newspaper. In 1955, one of my poems received honorable mention in the Utah State Poetry Society contest in the amateur division. My husband, Gene, and I have three wonderful children—eight, six, and four, two boys and a girl. Someday I hope to continue my schooling and learn more of putting into words the wonders of everyday living with which the Lord has surrounded us. I love literature in all forms."

Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale Utah, was awarded the second prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1953. Her story "Strength for the Way" marks her first appearance as an award winner in the Relief Society Short Story Contest. Her husband, Reid W. Young, is a great-grandson of William Wesley Willis, a lieutenant in the Mormon Battalion, and this relationship, says Mrs. Young, has given her a particular interest in the battalion. "Being a bishop's wife, a mother, and a schoolteacher, leaves me little time for anything else," writes Mrs. Young, "but whenever possible I write because I love to. I have written for all the Church magazines and for some other publications, and my poems have appeared in several anthologies. I love the Church, and especially the Relief Society, where I am class leader for social science and literature. I am the mother of four sons."

Recipes for Beverages

Rhea H. Gardner

What is enjoyed more than an ice-cold fruit drink on a hot afternoon, or a flavorful hot beverage on a cold winter night?

Since lemon juice is part of most fruit drinks, let's start out with good old-fashioned, and most refreshing lemonade.

Lemonade Drink

5 c. water
rinds of 2 lemons cut in pieces
1 c. sugar
1 c. lemon juice

Mix sugar, 1 c. water, and lemon shells. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil very gently about 7 minutes. Remove lemon shells and cool. Add lemon juice and 4 c. of water.

Limeade: Substitute lime for lemon juice. Add ¼ c. lemon juice.

Orangeade: Substitute 2 c. orange juice for lemon juice in lemonade recipe and add ¼ c. lemon juice.

Grapeade: Make sirup of ½ c. sugar and 2 c. water. Let cool, then add:

1 c. grape juice
½ c. lemon juice
1 c. orange juice

Just before serving, add some ginger ale if desired.

Pineapple Mint Julep

6 sprigs fresh mint
¾ c. lemon juice
3 c. ginger ale
¾ c. sugar
3 c. pineapple juice

Wash mint leaves. Bruise with spoon. Cover with sugar. Add lemon juice and let stand 15 minutes. Add pineapple juice. Pour over ice in pitcher or tall glasses. Add ginger ale. Garnish with sprigs of mint.

Spiced Pineapple Punch

Combine 1 c. sugar, 1½ c. water, 2 sticks cinnamon, and 8 whole cloves in saucepan. Boil gently for 3 to 5 minutes. Strain and cool.

Add:

4 c. unsweetened pineapple juice
1 c. orange juice
½ c. lemon juice

Pour over ice and serve.

Spiced Rhubarb Cooler

2 lbs. rhubarb, cut in small pieces
4 whole cloves
1 c. sugar sirup (⅓ c. sugar to ⅔ c. water)
½ c. orange juice
3 c. water
1 inch stick cinnamon
⅛ tsp. mace
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1 pint ginger ale

Put rhubarb, water, and spices in saucepan. Simmer until rhubarb is tender. Strain. Add cooled sugar sirup and fruit juices. Chill. Pour over the ice. Add ginger ale.

Old English Hot Spiced Cider

½ tsp. whole allspice
1 2-inch stick of cinnamon
6 whole cloves
1 qt. cider
⅓ c. brown sugar
grated nutmeg

Tie spices in cheesecloth bag. Heat cider and brown sugar together. Add spice bag and let simmer about 10 minutes. Remove bag. Serve with dash of nutmeg.

Spiced Grapefruit Juice

6 c. canned grapefruit juice
4 tbsp. honey
6 sticks cinnamon
6 tbsp. sugar
12 whole cloves

Simmer 3 minutes. Strain and serve hot or cold with a dash of nutmeg.

Cranberry Fruit Punch

2 qts. fresh cranberries
1 dozen whole cloves
1 tbsp. grated orange peel
8 c. apple juice or apple cider
4 c. water
1 tbsp. grated lemon peel
2 c. sugar
¼ c. lemon juice
2 trays ice

Cook together cranberries and water. When berries are tender, remove from heat and force berries through sieve. While juice is hot, add cloves, sugar, orange and lemon peel. Cool and add lemon juice, apple juice, and ice. This is delicious served with holiday fruit cake.

Punch — Plus

1 qt. vanilla ice cream
1 qt. pineapple juice
1 qt. ginger ale
1 qt. sherbet, pineapple, orange, or lime

Mix with beater and serve.

Milk and eggs, two of nature's most nearly perfect foods, combine into delicious, nutritious, and appetizing beverages. Many chocolate drinks may be made from home-made chocolate and cocoa sirups. These sirups are easy to make and keep well in the refrigerator.

Chocolate or Cocoa Sirup

1 c. cocoa or
4 squares unsweetened chocolate
cut in pieces
2 c. sugar
¼ tsp. salt
2 c. cold water
3 tbsp. vanilla

Mix all except vanilla. Cook over low heat until thickened and smooth, about five minutes. Cool slightly. Add vanilla. Pour in jar. Keep in refrigerator. Add 2 tbsp. chocolate sirup for each cup of scalded milk to make a chocolate drink. Stir until sirup is dissolved.

Eggnog

Beat whites of 2 eggs until stiff. Beat yolks, 1 tbsp. sugar, ½ tsp. vanilla, and 2 c. milk until well blended. Fold in egg whites. Pour into glasses. Sprinkle nutmeg on top.

Chocolate Eggnog: To the above add 2 tbsp. chocolate sirup. Omit sugar.

Fruit Eggnog: To the above add 3 tbsp. orange, strawberry, raspberry, cherry, or grape juice or 1 mashed banana just before adding egg whites.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

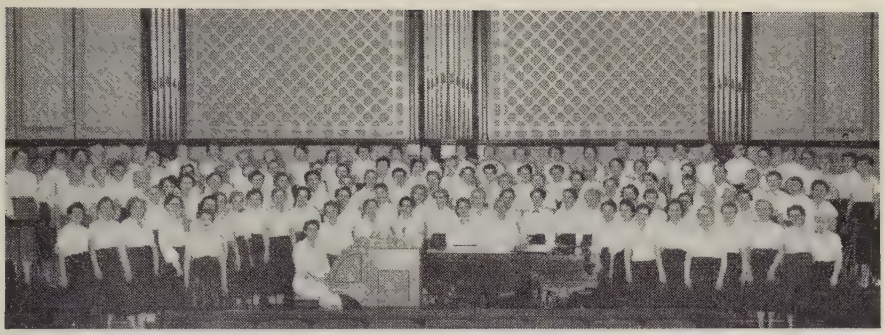
Photograph submitted by Lu Seba W. Petersen

REXBURG STAKE (IDAHO) VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE OUTSTANDING RECORD

Front row, seated, left to right: Stake officers: Jessie Atkinson, Secretary; Myrtle Sellers, Second Counselor; Lu Seba W. Petersen, President; LaVerne Hacking, First Counselor; and Constance Brown, President, Rexburg Third Ward Relief Society.

Back row, standing, left to right: Marie Barber, Counselor in Fifth Ward Relief Society; Claudia Hendricks, President, Lyman Ward Relief Society; Norma Larsen, President, Rexburg Seventh Ward Relief Society; Velma Drennen, President, Rexburg Fourth Ward Relief Society; Opal Clements, President, Archer Ward Relief Society; Xenia Nelson, President, Rexburg Second Ward Relief Society; Genevieve Klingler, President, Rexburg Sixth Ward Relief Society.

President Petersen reports the outstanding achievements in visiting teaching of the wards in her stake: "We are very proud of our visiting teaching in Rexburg Stake. The following wards have had 100 per cent for the years indicated: Archer Ward, eleven years; Rexburg Third Ward, six years; Rexburg Seventh Ward, six years; Lyman Ward, five years; Rexburg Fifth Ward, four years, ever since its organization. The Rexburg Sixth Ward was organized in June 1952, and has missed only one district for one month. The Rexburg Fourth Ward has had one hundred per cent for five years, except for one district each of two months. The Rexburg Second Ward has had one hundred per cent for nine years, except for one district each of two months."



Photograph submitted by Hazel B. Tingey

HIGHLAND STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Seated at the organ: Idell Larson; at sister Larson's left, chorister Ina G. Cannon.

Standing, front row, fourth from the right: Vivian Coombs, First Counselor; fifth from the right: Hazel B. Tingey, President, Highland Stake Relief Society; sixth from the right: Gladys Bateman, Second Counselor.

Sister Tingey reports that all of the wards were represented on this occasion by members of the ward presidencies. Nine of the ten ward Relief Society presidents attended, as follows: Parley's Ward, Marjorie Eldredge; Parley's Second Ward, Louise Elsey; Parley's Third Ward, Mildred Porter; Parley's Fourth Ward, Ethel Hutchins; Crystal Heights Ward, Ermone Sanders; Crystal Heights Second Ward, Echo Ellis; Highland Park Ward, Lenore Lewis; South Highland Park Ward, Maida Webb; Stratford Ward, Eva Bullen; East Stratford Ward, Theresa Wakefield.

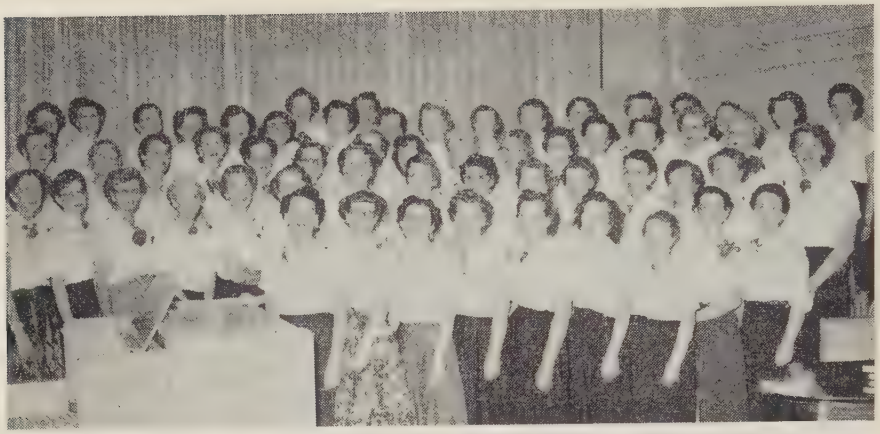
These Singing Mothers presented the music for all the general sessions of the quarterly conference, with one hundred twenty Singing Mothers participating.

Photograph submitted by Alta S. Wiltshire

PANGUITCH STAKE (UTAH), CIRCLEVILLE WARD, FORMER PRESIDENTS HOLD SOCIAL

Front row, seated, left to right: Ellen Samuelsen; Mary Norton; Lorena Davis; Daphne Smith.

Back row, standing, left to right: Evelyn Mortenson, present President; Indra Johnson; Alice Allen; Eva Dalton; Eventa Fullmer; Lois Haycock.



Photograph submitted by Edna S. Millar

BOISE STAKE SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR BOTH SESSIONS OF STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE
August 19, 1956

Gladys Broadbent, the chorister, stands at the left in the second row; Sheila Broadbent, the organist, stands twelfth from the left in the second row; Edna S. Millar, President, Boise Stake Relief Society, at the right in the second row; Nola Muhlstein, Second Counselor, eighth from the left in the third row.

Photograph submitted by Hortense B. Robinson

FINNISH MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY ANNUAL CONFERENCE HELD IN HELSINKI, August 25 and 26, 1956

Front row, seated, left to right: Edith Ruuhinen, Pori Branch Relief Society; Anni Backholm, Vaasa Branch; Lea Minni, First Counselor, Finnish Mission Relief Society; Hortense B. Robinson, President, Finnish Mission Relief Society; Elsa Arojaa, Oulu Branch Relief Society; Hulda Fellman, Jakobstad Branch Relief Society.

Back row, standing, left to right: Esteri Miilumaki, Jyvaskyla Branch Relief Society; Toini Kerttula, Lahti Branch Relief Society; Lilja Jarvenkari, Kokkola Branch Relief Society; Lydia Miete, Hameenlinna Branch Relief Society; Lempi Ojala, Lappeenranta Relief Society; Alli Immonen, Kuopio Relief Society; Senja Aalto, Lahti Relief Society; Helka Karumo, Pori Branch; Aune Halonen, Kuopio Branch; Toini Halonen, Turku Branch; Hilja Flinckman, Kotka Branch; Aune Uskali, Tampere Branch; Bertta Heinonen, Kotka Branch; Jenny Stromberg, Larsmo Branch; Maila Valkama, Helsinki.

President Hortense B. Robinson reports: "The annual Relief Society Conference of the Finnish Mission was held in Helsinki, August 25 and 26, 1956. Relief Society presidents from fifteen of the sixteen branches were in attendance. In some branches, where presidents had just been released, both the released and the new presidents attended. All lady missionaries also attended the conference. The Saturday evening program included a luncheon for all presidents, a play introducing all general Relief Society presidents, and a national folk dance performed by Relief Society sisters. Sunday meetings included a testimony meeting and a leadership meeting, as well as two general sessions. Of special interest was the fireside on Sunday evening. Minister Yrjo Kallinen, a noted speaker, related his visit to his Mormon relatives in Arizona and hearing 'Come, Come Ye Saints,' sung by his 'cowboy cousins in the twilight setting of the Arizona desert.' All meetings were well attended. Over two hundred attended the Sunday evening sessions. The sisters were thrilled with the conference, and it aroused much interest and enthusiasm. Last year there were 221 Relief Society members in the Finnish Mission."

Photograph submitted by Matilda B. Gilbert

FRANKLIN STAKE (IDAHO) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION AND OPENING SOCIAL

Front row, left to right: Mary A. Moser, Annie N. Merrill, Delettie Burbank, each with fifty years of service as visiting teachers; Alice Greaves, sixty years; Mildred Anderson, with a twelve-year perfect record; Nellie G. Smith, fifty years.

Matilda B. Gilbert, President, Franklin Stake Relief Society, reports this happy occasion: "All visiting teachers were honored at a recent visiting teachers convention and opening social. A lovely program under the direction of Nettie Nielsen, stake visiting teacher message leader, was presented. Each sister with twenty-five years or more of service was presented with a corsage. Those with fifty or more years of service were especially honored."

Photograph submitted by Mary W. Kotter

NEBO STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Roene Di Fiore, director of the chorus, tells of the faithful efforts of these sisters: "There were one hundred six singers in all, and they gave of their time so freely and joyfully that not one telephone call, or other means of communication, was employed to keep them coming out to rehearsals regularly. Counselor Lila Carlisle was the accompanist."

Mary W. Kotter, President, Nebo Stake Relief Society, reports that these Singing Mothers prepared a Christmas cantata.

Photograph submitted by Fern Brockbank

PALMYRA STAKE (UTAH), SPANISH FORK THIRD WARD BAZAAR

Standing, left to right: Marion Hales, First Counselor; Erma Cope, Second Counselor; Iva Maland, Secretary-Treasurer; Grace Pinegar, President.

Fern Brockbank, President, Palmyra Stake Relief Society, reports: "This bazaar was a very fine affair, with a variety of quilts and handwork on display. Homemade candy and cooked foods were also sold."

Photograph submitted by Florence S. Jacobsen

EASTERN STATES MISSION, PALMYRA, NEW YORK, BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEETS IN THE HOME OF LUCY MACK SMITH

Seated in front, left to right: Dora Ferguson; Grace Bump; Alice Mecham; Mona Plane; Mary DeNosky and grandchild; Ruby Wanscott.

Back row, standing, left to right: Leona C. Olsen; Elsa Walker; LaVern Darley, who presented the social science lesson; Mary Atkin.

Florence S. Jacobsen, President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society, reports: "I had a thrill this week end while attending district conference in Palmyra, to learn that the wonderful Relief Society sisters residing there had held their first social science lesson of the year in the living room of the home of Lucy Mack Smith (mother of the Prophet Joseph Smith). They said there was a wonderful, sweet spirit present as Sister LaVern Darley presented the lesson from the history written by Lucy Mack Smith. They felt the environment for this lesson unique enough to warrant taking a picture of the occasion. I thought perhaps you would be interested to know that after the passage of 126 years since the house was occupied by the Smith family, that the home has been used as a meeting place to study the life and ideals of this great family as recorded by Mother Smith. A picture of Lucy Mack Smith may be seen hanging on the wall in the background. The table in the foreground was made by Brigham Young. This is just a note of interest concerning the little Relief Society of Palmyra where the Smiths lived and so much of Church history has taken place."

Gifts

Catherine E. Berry

The good we do at Christmastime
Can live throughout the year,
If we will give our hearts, our love,
Wrapped up with Christmas cheer.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 47—A Review of Outstanding Characters of The Book of Mormon

Elder Leland H. Monson

For Tuesday, April 2, 1957

Objective: To show through a study of the lives of the characters of The Book of Mormon that true greatness is found in a love of God and service to one's fellow men.

A man standing on the shoulders of a giant, ought to be able to see farther. We have had that privilege as we have walked, talked, prayed, and thought with those giant characters in spirituality who led their people in The Book of Mormon history. In retrospect, we may see Jared, his brother Mahonri Moriancumer, and Ether from the Jaredite civilization; and at least Lehi, Nephi, Jacob, Benjamin, Mosiah, Alma, Nephi, Mormon, and Moroni from the Nephite civilization. A quick review of the contributions of these men to their peoples will give us a sort of kaleidoscopic scene of the changing nature of life among The Book of Mormon peoples.

Book of Ether

Jared and his brother, Moriancumer, came from that stretch of territory between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, a part of the land which is known as "The Fertile Crescent," within which territory is the ancient city of Babylon. Under divine guidance, the Jaredites left this land of Shinar at the time the Lord confounded the tongues of the people building the Tower of Babel.

Moriancumer, at the solicitation of Jared, prayed that the Lord would have compassion upon them, their families, and their friends. This prayer was answered, and a colony of people known as the Jaredites came to the Western Continent. They crossed the ocean in eight boats, built after the manner of "barges" which they had previously built. (See Ether 2:16, 17.) These boats were lighted by sixteen stones, ". . . white and clear, even as transparent glass . . ." (Ether 3:1) which were made luminous by the finger of the Lord. At the time the Lord

touched these stones and gave them luminosity, ". . . the veil was taken from off the eyes of the brother of Jared, and he saw the finger of the Lord; and it was as the finger of a man, like unto flesh and blood . . . . And . . . behold, the Lord showed himself unto him, and said . . . . Behold, I am he who was prepared from the foundation of the world to redeem my people. Behold, I am Jesus Christ . . . . In me shall all mankind have light, and that eternally . . . . And never have I showed myself unto man whom I have created, for never has man believed in me as thou hast. Seest thou that ye are created after mine own image? Yea, even all men were created in the beginning after mine own image" (Ether 3:6 ff.).

The civilization built by these men flourished in North America from about the time of the Tower of Babel to about 600 B.C. when it suffered extinction because of unrighteousness.

The abridged record of the Jaredites in The Book of Mormon is called the Book of Ether after Ether the last prophet of the Jaredites. Moroni made the abridgment from the twenty-four gold plates which had been found by the people of Limhi in the days of King Mosiah. Ether prophesied the destruction of the Jaredite civilization, for he knew that the people were living unrighteously and that America was a choice land only to those who worshipped the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ.

Coming of Lehi
to the Promised Land

The civilization of the Nephites and Lamanites, which followed the Jaredite nation, was founded by Lehi, who left Jerusalem about 600 B.C. and came to the promised land with his family, Sariah his wife, Laman, Lemuel, Sam, Nephi, Jacob, Joseph, and some daughters; and Ishmael and his sons and daughters; and Zoram. Lehi was the great patriarch of his day. He blessed his sons and daughters and encouraged them to live righteously.

Nephi

Nephi, after the death of his father, took charge of the righteous branch of the people and built a great civilization, while his older brothers, disobedient, shiftless, and lazy, lived in tents and dwindled in unbelief. Those who followed Nephi were called Nephites; those who followed Laman and Lemuel were called Lamanites. The remainder of The Book of Mormon history concerns these two groups of people, for the Mulekites, a third group to come to America about 590 B.C., merged their civilization with that of the Nephites.

Nephi, faithful, intelligent, forgiving, industrious, and resourceful founded a city in the land of Nephi. He gave to his culture a spiritual foundation at the same time that he taught the people to be industrious and to care for their material welfare. He knew that the real purpose of wealth was to provide for the improvement of his people.

Jacob

Jacob, brother of Nephi, followed Nephi as a teacher of the people and a keeper of the records. He sought to persuade the people ". . . to come unto Christ . . ." (Jacob 1:7).

Wherefore, we would to God that we could persuade all men not to rebel against God, to provoke him to anger, but that all men would believe in Christ, and view his death, and suffer his cross and bear the shame of the world; wherefore, I, Jacob, take it upon me to fulfil the commandment of my brother Nephi (Jacob 1:8).

Jacob was a great preacher of righteousness all his days. He denounced unchastity, encouraged his people to seek first the kingdom of God, promised them that if they did so they would obtain riches, material wealth, which he encouraged them to use for righteous purposes—". . . to clothe the naked, and to feed the hungry, and to liberate the captive, and administer relief to the sick and the afflicted" (Jacob 2:19). He condemned pride and noted that riches are not necessarily a sign of excellence. Jacob was also a doctrinal preacher, and explained fundamental principles of the gospel.

From Jacob the plates were handed on to Enos, Jarom, Omni, Amaron, Chemish, Abinadom, Amaleki, and Mosiah to Benjamin, the next prophet leader we shall discuss.

Benjamin

King Benjamin, about 130 B.C., was a ruler who assiduously worked for the welfare of his people. Near the close of his life, he built a large tower from which he instructed the people concerning doctrines of the gospel and concerning their self-improvement, and announced that his son Mosiah would succeed him. He will be long remembered for his comment that ". . . when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God" (Mosiah 2:17). We also remember him for his instructions concerning the atonement of Christ. He also taught the people that man is not naturally good, but that:

. . . the natural man is an enemy to God, and has been from the fall of Adam, and will be . . . unless he yields to the enticings of the Holy Spirit, and putteth off the natural man and becometh a saint through the atonement of Christ the Lord, and becometh as a child, submissive, meek, humble, patient, full of love, willing to submit to all things which the Lord seeth fit to inflict upon him, even as a child doth submit to his father (Mosiah 3:19).

He also stressed the fact that Jesus Christ would come in the future and visit the people. The people made a covenant with God to keep his commandments and took upon them the name of Christ.

King Mosiah

King Mosiah, son of Benjamin, founded democracy among the Nephites when his four sons refused to be king, making, so far as we know, the Nephite civilization the cradle of democracy in America. He gave laws to the people and instructed them concerning the manner of electing their judges, concerning their money, and concerning their duties to one another. He began to reign when he was thirty (Mosiah 7:4), in about 124 B.C.

In setting up the reign of the Judges over the Nephite people, Mosiah advised them:

Now it is not common that the voice of the people desireth anything contrary to that which is right; but it is common for the lesser part of the people to desire that which is not right; therefore this shall ye observe and make it your law—to do your business by the voice of the people.

And if the time comes that the voice of the people doth choose iniquity, then

is the time that the judgments of God will come upon you; yea, then is the time he will visit you with great destruction even as he has hitherto visited this land.

And now I desire that this inequality should be no more in this land, especially among this my people; but I desire that this land be a land of liberty, and every man may enjoy his rights and privileges alike, so long as the Lord sees fit that we may live and inherit the land, yea, even as long as any of our posterity remains upon the face of the land (Mosiah 29:26-27, 32).

It was during Mosiah's reign that his four sons went to preach to the Lamanites.

Alma the Younger

After the death of King Mosiah, Alma, the younger, was appointed to be the first chief judge of the Nephites. At the same time he was the high priest having had the office conferred upon him by his father Alma, and thus he was in charge of the religious welfare of the people. (See Mosiah 29:42.)

Alma, who in his youth had been wicked and, with the sons of Mosiah, had sought to destroy the Church, developed into one of the greatest characters in Book of Mormon history. He was, after his conversion, a great preacher of righteousness and a doctrinal teacher and one of the greatest missionaries in Book of Mormon history. He built up churches in and around Zarahemla, teaching the people of Jesus Christ and that he would be born of Mary, the Son of God in the flesh. (See Alma 7:10.) He encouraged the people to have faith, and hope, and charity—the three cardinal virtues of Christianity. With Amulek he performed a great missionary work. Later, with two of his sons, he performed an illustrious missionary service among the Zoramites.

Grieving over the wickedness of his people, he called his three sons and gave ". . . unto them every one his charge, separately, concerning the things pertaining unto righteousness . . ." (Alma 35:16). His instructions contain great doctrinal dissertations. His commandments to his sons concern taking care of sacred things, to look to God and live, to declare the word among the people, the sin of adultery, on the resurrection, and the state of the soul between death and the resurrection, a literal restoration, on justice and mercy, mortality a period of probation, spiritual and temporal death, and the necessity of repentance, the atonement, and law, and punishment. (See Alma chapters 36-42.) He urged his son Corianton:

. . . let the justice of God, and his mercy, and his long-suffering have full sway in your heart; and let it bring you down to the dust in humility (Alma 42:30).

Nephi the Disciple

Nephi, son of Nephi, son of Helaman, son of Helaman, son of Alma, had the privilege of seeing the prophecies of Samuel the Lamanite concerning the signs of the Savior's birth and death literally fulfilled. Subsequently, he was called from the multitude by Jesus and given power to baptize the people after the departure of Jesus (3 Nephi 11:21). He was in the group that heard the Father introduce his Son, Jesus, to the Nephites, and knew of a surety concerning the divinity of Christ. He became a member of a

group of twelve called by the Savior to supervise the work of the Church in the meridian dispensation among the Nephites.

Mormon

Mormon, the next great character whom we shall consider, gave his name to The Book of Mormon. He took the plates from the Hill Shim as he had been instructed to do by Ammaron, who had placed them there about 320 A.D. Mormon, as we studied in a previous lesson was a great spiritual leader and a commander in chief of Nephite forces, who witnessed the almost complete destruction of the Nephites. He was also a great scholar, an historian, who made the set of records on which he wrote the abridgment of the large plates of Nephi and to which he attached the small plates of Nephi.

Moroni

Moroni, the son of Mormon, finished his father's book in the record, abridged the twenty-four gold plates giving the history of the Jaredite civilization, and wrote a book of his own on his father's plates, called the Book of Moroni. Moroni lived to see the complete destruction of the Nephites because of wickedness, and remained a lone survivor of a once righteous, powerful, and blessed people.

Living with these men who mark milestones of progress in the history of the two great civilizations that flourished in America from about the time of the Tower of Babel to about 421 A.D., we have come to understand what true greatness is, that it is to be found in the love of God and service to one's fellow men.

Questions on the Lesson

1. Explain how a study of a great man gives us an understanding of the history of a period.
2. What were the chief characteristics of Nephi?
3. Show how powerful the doctrine of repentance is by an explanation of the early life and repentance of Alma.
4. What kind of testimony concerning Jesus Christ did Alma and Nephi have?
5. What was Mormon's great contribution to The Book of Mormon, besides his own historical account?
6. What was Moroni's great contribution?

Mountain Snowstorm

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

"These flakes resembling velvet stars," she said,
"Are clever camouflage to hide our jail."
I sat in silence, for my thoughts had fled,
Riding a snowflake down a time-hid trail,
Where children, pulled by cords of school or home
Climbed drifts as high as hillocks. Twinkly bright
Were eyes that loved the bout with brittle foam
Which topped the waves of frozen crested white.
Now hills were growing whiter steadily
Where sumac lately brewed a rich maroon,
But being snowbound waked no dread in me.
The years ran back to meet my life's high-noon.
The storm would hold us prisoners on the hill,
But joy is always free to roam at will.

Visiting Teacher Messages—
Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 47—"And What Is It That Ye Shall Hope For? Behold I Say Unto You That Ye Shall Have Hope Through the Atonement of Christ and the Power of His Resurrection, to Be Raised Unto Life Eternal, and This Because of Your Faith in Him According to the Promise" (Moroni 7:41).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, April 2, 1957

Objective: To show that faith in Jesus Christ is the key to eternal life.

ALL of our lives we should be working toward one goal—that of achieving eternal life. The hope we have of achieving that goal helps us to meet the problems and adversities that beset us in mortality. That hope gives comfort in our sorrows and courage to continue onward without ever losing sight of the destination.

As has been said, "faith is the moving cause of all action" (*Lectures on Faith*, page 8), and faith in Christ is the power by which we may reach this goal of eternal life. Mormon says, "For no man can be saved, according to the words of Christ, save they shall have faith in his name . . ." (Moroni 7:38).

Faith is a mighty force, and its possibilities are unlimited. Faith requires a positive attitude of mind. Doubt and fear flee from its presence. When we comply with the necessary requirements, we can gain perfect faith in the atonement of Christ and in his resurrection.

Many passages of scripture point out the great power of faith. ". . . If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed . . . nothing shall be impossible unto you." (Mt. 17:20). ". . . According to your faith be it unto you" (Mt. 9:29). ". . . Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole . . ." (Mark 5:34), said Christ to the woman who touched the hem of his garment. "I can do all things through Christ which strengthen me" (Phillipians 4:13). "And Christ hath said: If ye will have faith in me ye shall have power to do whatsoever thing is expedient in me" (Moroni 7:33).

It is by faith that one accepts the words of Christ. It is through faith in Christ ". . . that the Holy Ghost may have place . . ." (Moroni 7:32) in our hearts. Thus, if faith in Jesus Christ is the principle that can bring us eternal life, let us read and study and work to attain it.

. . . From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: That the man of God may be perfect . . . unto all good works (II Timothy 3:15-16).

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7—Beverages

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, April 9, 1957

SINCE some kind of beverage is a part of every meal, it is important that it be chosen with the same care as all other parts of the menu.

For many, good cold water or milk is sufficient as a meal beverage. Since milk is high in food value, it is more than a thirst quencher. Milk drinks are a nourishing food for people of all ages; in fact, milk is about the first and last food and beverage man enjoys.

There is a wide variety of milk drinks. Eggnogs are especially good. They are more appealing to the eye and to the taste when the egg whites and yolks are beaten separately.

Chocolate and cocoa are both made from the cocoa bean. Their difference is in the fat content. Chocolate is about fifty per cent fat, while cocoa contains only about twenty-two per cent fat. Consequently, chocolate is much richer. Cocoa is considered better adapted for children or people with digestions that are easily upset.

When cocoa or chocolate is used frequently for beverages, it is convenient and time-saving to make a quantity of cocoa paste or sirup which can be mixed quickly with the milk as needed.

Lemonade and orangeade are favorites in the increasingly long list of fruit beverages we may choose from today. Use only enough sugar to accent the natural fruit flavor.

Sugar can be added directly to the juice and water or it may be made into a sirup, cooled, then added. The latter method is recommended. The precooked sirup seems to improve the drinking quality of the beverage to which it is added; it also saves time and saves sugar, since it is not uncommon to find undissolved sugar in the bottom of pitchers when sugar is added directly to the drink.

Most fruit punch requires the use of some citrus juices, especially lemon juice. The practice of taking lemons out of the refrigerator, cutting them in half, squeezing them, and throwing the rest away is wasteful. If you will let the lemons stand in warm water before squeezing them, you will be able to extract much more juice. Then, if you will boil the rind with the sugar sirup, the rind of two lemons for each cup of sugar, you will have a drink that is much richer in flavor.

Fruit punch need not be expensive, if you plan ahead for it. Rhubarb juice makes a delicious base for a fruit drink. Prepare it in much the same way as you do tomatoes for juicing. Pour the hot, strained, slightly sweetened juice into fruit jars and process in a hot water bath. (See instruction books for processing time in your area.)

In areas where apricots are in abundance, one is often able to get small ones for a nominal cost. Apricot puree makes a delicious base for fruit drinks. Juice from currants, pie cherries, certain kinds of wild berries, grapes, some plums, and cranberry juice are also delicious.

Watch the market for specials on canned fruit juices so you will always have a variety on hand.

For very clear ice cubes for your fruit drinks, use boiled water. Here are a few suggestions for fancy ice cubes: (1) Add a little green coloring to the water before freezing it into cubes for an especially cool looking effect. Avoid overuse of the coloring. (2) Freeze curls of lemon or orange peel, maraschino cherries with stems intact, or sprigs of mint in the ice cubes. (3) Freeze leftover drinks in the ice cube trays to serve in fruit beverages.

The appearance of a fruit drink on a hot day cannot be overestimated. Cool drinks will look especially refreshing if you frost the rims of the glasses. Put some lemon juice into a saucer about one-fourth inch deep. Sift some powdered sugar into a plate about one-fourth inch deep. Stand each glass, inverted, in the lemon juice about a minute. Lift it out of the juice then let it stand, inverted, in the powdered sugar for a minute. Now lift carefully out of the sugar so as not to jar the sugar coating which has formed on the rim. Stand right side up in the refrigerator until set. Then carefully fill with your drink.

Note: "Recipes for Beverages," by Rhea H. Gardner, page 46, in this issue of the *Magazine*.

Literature—Shakespeare in Our Lives

Lesson 7—"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948)

For Tuesday, April 16, 1957

Objective: To show that in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare touches our lives through fantasy and poetry—through qualities we all approve, such as love, delight, joy, and humor.

> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.
>
> *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. 1. 12-17

IF ever a literature lesson deserves to be presented in the warm, bright silence of an April midnight moon, it is this one. For literal-minded persons this play may seem a filmy triviality without substance,

direction, or indeed without any justification for existing. The practical persons who prize as real only that which can be pinched or priced or preserved, will find this play to be "airy nothingness" incarnate. But for the rest of us, this plunge into the unplumbed vistas of the imaginative world yields an ecstasy and a delight rivaled in Shakespeare only by passages from *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Tempest*.

The more thoroughly we saturate ourselves in this play-poem on love, the more we realize that only *young* Shakespeare could have produced it. Actually, it was written during 1594 or 1595 in the poet's thirtieth year. Obviously written to commemorate some wedding or marriage-feast, it is filled with its own theme of the goodness and gaiety of mortal love.

Surely one of Shakespeare's appeals is that he knows love to be without limitation or station: everyone from the highest to the lowest loves, yet each in his own way. Therefore, he depicts love in many forms, including the stately, dignified relationship between Duke Theseus and Queen Hippolyta; the foolish jealousies, quick-tempered exchanges, and ethereal ecstasies of the fairies Oberon and Titania, a love so touchy and unreasoning as to be entirely mortal; the impulsive, confusing young loves of Lysander and Hermia, Demetrius and Helena; the uncultivated, serious Bottom who, in his constant yet unspectacular sanity, refuses to be swept off his feet by the most skilled love-techniques of Queen Titania's magic words. Thus love in its various aspects and extremes provides the sole subject of the play.

Plot

Theseus, Duke of Athens, and Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, are soon to be married. On their wedding day the fate of young, headstrong Hermia is to be decided. She loves Lysander, but her father wants her to marry another suitor of his choice named Demetrius. It is decreed that if she refuses Demetrius, she must either die or forswear all contact with men and become a nun. Hermia and Lysander, deciding to flee Athens, agree to meet in a wood just outside the town. They are waylaid by Demetrius who hopes to prevent his beloved Hermia's escape, and Helena, who loves him.

In the same wood we are introduced to the fairies. Queen Titania and King Oberon have quarreled over a beautiful, dark-skinned boy who has been stolen by the fairies from an East Indian King. (This was a common practice among fairies who would leave a less attractive child in place of the one stolen.) Jealous Oberon wants the child as his attendant, but Titania will not yield him, since she claims him as her own. Resolving to torment her for this injury, Oberon sends Puck halfway around the world to pluck a little western flower which Cupid once shot with his fiery shaft. The juice from this flower, laid on sleeping eyelids, will make the person dote upon the next living creature he sees. Oberon intends to watch Titania when she is asleep and drop the potion in her eyes so:

> The next thing then she waking looks upon,
> Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
> On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
> She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
> II.1. 179-182

Oberon also intends to help Helena in her love pursuit of Demetrius, but Puck, by mistake, puts the potion into Lysander's eyes rather than in Demetrius' with resulting confusion and mix-up among the four young lovers. The third plot within the play also reaches its climax in these same woods. Rustic bully Bottom and his fellow construction workers come to the woods to practice a play with which to entertain the royal wedding party for Theseus and the Amazon Queen Hippolyta. Puck places an ass's head on Bottom, which frightens off his superstitious comrades. Still influenced by the love potion, Titania awakens to see Bottom, and is immediately enamored of him. Thus, at the beginning of Act IV, Scene 1, Titania is making love to Bottom. While she suffers from her romantic over-obsession, his is a true common-sense response. She offers him new nuts; but he asks only for good dry oats and a bundle of hay. Titania wants to caress his cheeks and place flowers in his hair; instead, practical Bottom asks for a fairy to scratch his head. Titania offers him fairy music, and he asks for tongs (an instrument resembling a triangle for making rustic music) and bones (to be held between the fingers and used as clappers). Finally the two fall asleep and Oberon enters, ready to forgive and "undo this hateful imperfection of her [Titania's] eyes." Meanwhile, the four sleeping lovers awaken soon after Puck anointed them once more with his magic potion. Now Demetrius recognizes Helena as his true love, and Lysander and Hermia are re-united. Bottom awakes to wonder what has become of his comrades. He is sorely perplexed by his startling dream, one which "the eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom." IV, 1. 216.

In Act V all join in the nuptial celebration of Theseus, Hippolyta, and the four lovers. Bottom and his friends perform their play as part of the entertainment and the fairies pronounce blessings and good fortune on all of the newly wedded couples. And in the words of Puck:

> Jack shall have Jill,
> Nought shall go ill,
> The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
>
> III.2. 461-463

Delight and Satire

As long as people have been human they have liked to be fooled by that which fools them most completely. This is beautifully accomplished in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. After reading the play one feels that Shakespeare created it to embody the sheer joy which radiates to all sympathetic souls who choose to remain within the charmed circle of love and marriage. Without this play to give these emotions a body and make them more nearly tangible, such emotions could only have hovered about like some ethereal ghosts. As it is, the play relays their charms to all who care to attend. And as the play progresses, we feel from Shakespeare's merry words,

puns, scenic fantasies, and rich, poetic passages, his own winkings of delight at having given his audience such provocation for reliving once more the joys and beauty of mortality's greatest universal experience: true, pure love.

Even though, in one sense, this play is a sweet hymn to beautiful love, Shakespeare is nonetheless wise enough to remember that "The course of true love never did run smooth" (I,1) and, as Puck sees the senseless antics of people in love, he speaks perhaps his most famous line, "what fools these mortals be!" (III,2). Shakespeare also knew well the pompous dangers which come to those who take themselves too seriously. After detailing perfect, lyrical love in *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare satirizes it quite pointedly in this play, particularly in the delightfully grotesque play presented in deep seriousness and dedication by Bottom and his rough friends.

Shakespeare also satirizes the rustic drama itself. In his own day groups of artisans were forming dramatic clubs, and instead of following the religious form of the true rustic drama, these amateurs began to perform romantic plays, while still using the rigid techniques of the old dramas. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare laughs at the carpenters, tinkers, and bellows-menders who have turned actors and who, in presenting their play *The Most Lamentable Comedy, and Most Cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby*, make even the scenery and stage setting into actors' parts as actors become *Wall* and *Moonshine*. (If time permits read aloud Act III, Sc.1. 59-72.)

The fairies, particularly Puck, play an important part in the plot. It could be real fun to characterize Puck to your group. Shakespeare casts him in the role of fool or clown to Oberon, King of the Fairies, but he is really Robin-Goodfellow, a household spirit of ancient folklore. It is he who frightens maidens of the village, who skims the milk off its cream so that the butter won't churn, takes the yeast out of the beer, misleads the night-wanderers; assumes the likeness of a crab apple in the drink that matrons enjoy while gossiping about the bubbling kettle, and bobs sharply against their lips so the shock causes them to spill their ale down their own necks; assumes the likeness of a stool so that when an old woman goes to sit on him, he disappears and she topples down. (Act II. Sc. 1.)

The standard stock in trade of our present-day tin-pan alley which produces its constant stream of popular songs is to be found in the well-worn rhyming words "moon, June, tune, croon, swoon, spoon." Shakespeare's materials are the same, yet he avoids the ruts which make our average romantic love songs so trivial. The setting of the play stresses the role of the moon, sometimes full and warm, sometimes lofty and cold (when the lovers are quarreling beneath it). We do not wonder at Shakespeare's creating a phantasy, but that such a phantasy could ever attain any sense of reality at all. We are forced to agree with Addison, that if there could be places and people like these, certainly they would have to be and

act exactly as they do. Or as Dryden says:

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
The Tempest, Prologue

A small part of Shakespeare's delight appears in Bottom's and Peter Quince's misuse of words which sound similar, but which have vastly different meanings: "Thou art translated," for "Thou are transformed"; "I will condole in some measure," for "I will lament"; "You were best to call them generally," for "You were best to call them severally"; and "Ninny's Tomb" for "Ninus' Tomb," etc.

Shakespeare appeals to us again by exploiting our normal delight to be found in that which is small and miniature, and, also, in the nearness of nature. These are best given us by Titania and her fairies:

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song,
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence—
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice [bats] for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits [sports]. Sing we now asleep,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Song

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen.
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.
II.2. 1-19

To the fairies, nature is an intimate part of them, and the rough elements in the first of their song accent the beauty and softness of the chorus lullaby.

Best in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is the sheer poetry which releases Shakespeare's serene joy and sense of beauty. Such a passage as the following is filled with the singing beauty of true poetry.

King Oberon: My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the seamaid's music.
II.1. 148-154

To be at their best such passages must be read aloud; only then does their beauty penetrate to be heard by the inner ear and eye.

The intent in discussing this, as in succeeding plays, will be not to present all the details of the plot, but to develop intensively one or two central scenes. However, individual passages throughout the play that are particularly beautiful and lyrical could well be read. For example:

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk rose, and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.

And there the snake throws her enameled
skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.
Act II, 1. 249-256

Re-read this passage to class members until they get the picture of Titania, Queen of the fairies, lying on the bank of a stream. There the snake sloughs off her enamel-like skin which is wide enough to serve as a garment to wrap Titania in, as she lies there surrounded with primroses and sweetbriar, canopied over with honeysuckle, lulled to sleep by her fairies' delightful music and dances.

You might briefly lay the setting for Act IV, Scene I, and then read this scene slowly and carefully to your group. This scene has been chosen because all of the major characters appear, and because all the three plots are unraveled in it. Notice that Shakespeare has his different characters speak in three different styles, all of which appear in this scene. Bottom, as one of the rustics, speaks in prose, which would be natural for a tradesman. The fairies speak in lyrical rhyme, and the dignity of Theseus is evident in his lines spoken in blank verse.

Scene 1, Act. IV, is surcharged with great poetry, in addition to resolving the three plots within the play. While not a functioning part of the story, such passages as the following speeches by Hippolyta and Theseus are rarely surpassed in Shakespeare's later works for their rich imagery and the music of their singing:

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus
once
When in a wood of Crete they bayed
the bear
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I
hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the
groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region
near
Seemed all one mutual cry. I never
heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the
Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded; and their heads
are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning
dew;
Crook-kneed, and dewlapped like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth
like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holloed to, nor cheered
with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge when you hear.
IV. 1. 116-131

The strength of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, therefore, is in humor, whimsy, satire, wordplay, but, most of all, in delight, cheerfulness, joy, and an expansive outpouring of such lines rich in cadenced imagery, lines which, thus far, only Shakespeare could have written.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Which universal qualities of human love appear in the play?

2. Of which qualities or characters does Shakespeare appear to approve? Of which does he seem to disapprove?

3. Why does Titania's attachment for Bottom seem humorous? Has it any basis in actual life as you have seen or known it?

4. Discuss Shakespeare's use of fantasy and poetry as tools in this play to achieve his desired effect.

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

Lesson 6—"Search Your Hearts"

Elder John Farr Larson

For Tuesday, April 23, 1957

Objective: To illustrate the process of perfection and the necessity of eliminating those traits of character which retard our quest for perfection.

"BE ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Mt. 5:48). This admonition of Jesus, from the Sermon on the Mount, was embraced by the Prophet Joseph Smith as an attainable goal for all. Although the Prophet's teachings to the women covered a wide range of subjects, the common thread throughout was that perfection might be a reality. This and the following lesson are directed to each member of the Relief Society who seeks perfection. While a listing of the qualities of perfection would, no doubt, be helpful in setting one's sights, the more important factor in progression is the process by which we improve. It is hoped that by a discussion of some traits considered by the Prophet to be either desirable or undesirable, we may stimulate and promote personal improvement by the process of self-appraisal and prudent decisions. A careful review of the Prophet's teachings, followed by their appropriate application to life, will greatly assist all who seek the attributes of godliness.

Within each of us lie potentialities for great accomplishment. Those traits of character which determine whether we do good or evil, succeed or fail, become perfect or mediocre, remain inactive until stimulated by circumstances or conditions. Most of them develop quite unnoticed, and without conscious effort, within the environment supplied by parents, friends, and life situations. A helpful principle then, if we are to attain perfection for ourselves and loved ones, is to strive for and to provide wholesome, uplifting experiences. Through personal effort we can approach perfection, if we cultivate the desirable and weed out the harmful traits of character. This is the challenge of the gospel.

On April 28, 1842, little more than two years before his death, the Prophet told the Relief Society he was taking the opportunity:

> . . . to instruct the ladies of this Society, and point out the way for them to conduct themselves, that they might act according to the will of God; that he did not know that he should have many opportunities of teaching them, as they were going to be left to themselves; they would not long have him to instruct them; that the Church would not have his instructions long; and the world would not be troubled with him a great while (*D. H. C.* IV, page 604).

These comments suggest the importance and urgency the Prophet himself attached to his teachings.

Individual Responsibility

Perfection, the Prophet stressed, is an individual matter. He suggested that while the efforts of others might stimulate us to good works,

they would not save us, and although we would be blessed for our service to others, this, alone, was not enough. "The people should each one stand for himself, and depend on no man or men . . ." he said, since "righteous persons could only deliver their own souls" (*Ibid.*, V, page 19). The responsibility for salvation and perfection he placed squarely upon each individual.

The Prophet Joseph had said at an earlier meeting:

> After this instruction, you will be responsible for your own sins; it is a desirable honor that you should so walk before our heavenly Father as to save yourselves; we are all responsible to God for the manner we improve the light and wisdom given by our Lord to enable us to save ourselves (*Ibid.*, IV, page 606).

As was the case in the Council in Heaven, there were some early members of the Church who thought the Prophet should compel the souls of men. Often the people would tell the Prophet what he should do, saying, "O, if I were Brother Joseph, I would do this and that, but," said the Prophet, ". . . if they were in Brother Joseph's shoes they would find that men or women could not be *compelled* into the kingdom of God, but must be dealt with in long-suffering, and at last we shall save them" (*Ibid.*, V, page 24). (*Italics added.*)

To serve the Lord is not always easy, but the Prophet made it clear that we must be resolute in seeking our goal. Said he:

> All difficulties which might and would cross our way must be surmounted. Though the soul be tried, the heart faint, and the hands hang down, we must not retrace our steps; there must be decision of character, aside from sympathy (*Ibid.*, IV, page 570).

The Prophet's teachings all suggest that salvation is a continual process. It is neither attained by one good deed nor is it at any time a certainty. Having received the gospel, we must continue to serve the Lord to the best of our ability —and, if we forsake the truth, we are in danger of losing that which we have gained. The Prophet warned on one occasion:

> Though a man should become mighty, do great things, overturn mountains, perform mighty works, and should then turn from his high station to do evil, to eat and drink with the drunken, all his former deeds would not save him, but he would go to destruction! (*Ibid.*, IV, page 606).

In his characteristic way of being practical and specific, the Prophet pointed the way to Relief Society members who desire to become as God would have them. Just as a parent teaches his child black and white, the Prophet taught the women there were good as well as harmful qualities; that perfection came from accepting the good and rejecting the bad. He strongly urged them to cultivate the commendable, to keep the commandments, and to search for further light and knowledge. Inherent in the pursuance of perfection is the recognition of those attributes which hinder our progress. For this reason we shall now reflect upon some characteristics the Prophet singled out to be shunned. Those discussed serve to illustrate the collective and individual possibility of their existence. Women who seek perfection will do well to heed the Prophet's cautions as well as his commendations.

Self-Righteousness

Time and again, the Prophet warned against self-righteousness. The assumption of responsibility for one's self, he suggested, is ennobling, while self-admiration blinds the view to our own shortcomings, illuminates the faults of others, and creates illusions of personal worth. The Prophet forthrightly reminded that "it is the doctrine of the devil to retard the human mind, and hinder our progress, by filling us with self-righteousness . . . . The devil flatters us that we are very righteous, when we are feeding on the faults of others," he observed (*Ibid.*, V, page 24). He pointed up the pitfall of self-righteousness when he said:

> Christ was condemned by the self-righteous Jews because He took sinners into His society; He took them upon the principle that they repented of their sins (*Ibid.*, V, page 23).

Aspirations

The Prophet cautioned the women to aspire to magnify only their own offices and callings. He read to them from the 12th Chapter of 1st Corinthians and explained the function of the various offices within the Church and:

> . . . the necessity of every individual acting in the sphere allotted him or her, and filling the several offices to which they are appointed. He spoke of the disposition of many men to consider the lower offices in the Church dishonorable, and to look with jealous eyes upon the standing of others who are called to preside over them; that it was the folly and nonsense of the human heart for a person to be aspiring to other stations than those to which they are appointed of God for them to occupy (*Ibid.*, IV, page 603).

The Authorities of the Church have repeatedly counseled that our individual progress is closely related to the effort we expend and the manner in which we perform our Church assignments.

The Prophet urged the women ". . . to magnify their respective callings, and wait patiently till God shall say to them, 'Come up higher' " (*Ibid.*, IV, page 603). The disposition to aspire would be within the Relief Society, he cautioned, and the women should therefore guard against it. "Every person should stand, and act in the place appointed, and thus sanctify the Society and get it pure" (*Ibid.*, IV, page 604). To magnify one's office and calling is a most desirable objective. This is very different from the covetous feelings for position and power. The Prophet strongly recommended *humility*. The possessor of this Christ-like virtue will have power and undreamed of blessings. Humility will add a wholesome luster to the soul of every one who cultivates it.

Guard the Tongue

Had it not been for the unholy lies of evil men and women, the history of the Church, and, particularly, the story of the Prophet's untimely death, might have been materially different from the facts. The Prophet, who never feared the truth, was continually the victim of untruths. Whether published or passed by word of mouth, they fanned and fed the flames of persecution.

In the midst of a widespread campaign to do him harm, the Prophet spoke out strongly against the evils of gossip. On May 6, 1842, an attempt was made on the life of Lilburn W. Boggs, who was Gov-

ernor of Missouri when the saints were so cruelly treated and driven from that State. Immediately there arose rumors that the "Mormons" were at the bottom of the attempt and, based upon these suspicions, the Prophet was later charged, but exonerated, as being an accessory to this crime. Within a week following these insinuations the Prophet said to the Relief Society:

> I have one request to make of the President and members of the society, that you search yourselves — the tongue is an unruly member — hold your tongues about things of no moment — a little tale will set the world on fire (*Ibid.*, V, page 20).

He advised the women:

> . . . beware, be still, be prudent, repent, reform, but do it in a way not to destroy all around you. I do not want to cloak iniquity — all things contrary to the will of God, should be cast from us, but don't do more hurt than good, with your tongues — be pure in heart (*Ibid.*, V, page 20).

This evil is a many-sided sword. Untruths do the most harm, but injudicious language, though it contains truth, can also do tremendous harm. The following from Volume 1, page 103, *Woman's Exponent*, illustrates another aspect:

> The evil done by the first utterer of a slander is small compared with that which is spread through a community from the repetition of the false tale by idle babblers . . . . Counterfeited coins and banknotes, however ingeniously executed, do no harm if they remain in the hands of the original forger. It is by their circulation that the people suffer. Somebody once said to a sage: "A man slandered you in my presence." "If," replied the wise man, "you had not listened with pleasure, he would not have defamed me."

During the late summer of 1842 the Prophet was forced into hiding to protect himself against the vicious attempts of his enemies to take him into custody. Much of the impetus to do these acts came from the false stories that were spread concerning the Prophet. He returned to his home the latter part of August 1842, and August 31, he met with the Relief Society and made this statement:

> When I do the best I can — when I am accomplishing the greatest good, then the most evils and wicked surmisings are got up against me. I would to God that you would be wise. I now counsel you, that if you know anything calculated to disturb the peace or injure the feelings of your brother or sister, *hold your tongues*, and the least harm will be done (*D. H. C.* V, page 140).

He suggested there were affirmative blessings from carefully watching what we say. "No organized body can exist," he said, unless the members thereof " . . . *put a double watch over the tongue* . . . ." (Emphasis added.)

> All organized bodies have their peculiar evils, weaknesses and difficulties, the object is to make those not so good reform and return to the path of virtue that they may be numbered with the good, and even hold the keys of power, which will influence to virtue and goodness — should chasten and reprove, and keep it all in silence, not even mention them again; then you will be established in power, virtue, and holiness, and the wrath of God will be turned away (*Ibid.*, V, page 20).

Overzealousness

It is well to underlay our enthusiasm in the gospel with cautious restraint. At one meeting the Prophet commended the women ". . . for

their zeal, but said sometimes their zeal was not according to knowledge" (*Ibid.*, IV, page 570).

On another occasion, the Prophet warned:

> There is another error which opens a door for the adversary to enter. As females possess refined feelings and sensitiveness, they are also subject to overmuch zeal, which must ever prove dangerous, and cause them to be rigid in a religious capacity — [they] should be armed with mercy, notwithstanding the iniquity among us . . . . Notwithstanding the unworthy are among us, the virtuous should not, from self importance, grieve and oppress needlessly, those unfortunate ones (*Ibid.*, V, page 19, 20).

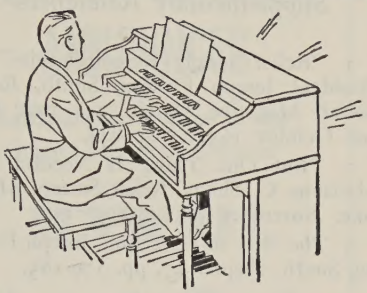
The overzealous can discourage others, become fanatical, act unseemly, and go beyond their proper bounds.

Perfection Lies Within

If we are to become perfect, we must look at ourselves without delay, with a keen eye to our limitations and shortcomings. Once recognized, our weaknesses become out of place in our lives. When we have completed the task of divesting ourselves of these personality "sore spots," we are then in a position to acquire the more ennobling traits. The ability to recognize and dispel unbecoming attributes and to seek the godlike virtues is the thought pattern for perfection.

In the last analysis, if we are to reach for perfection, we must do as the Prophet suggested in a talk given in the Grove to the Church:

> Search your hearts, and see if you are like God. I have searched mine and feel to repent of all my sins (*Ibid.*, IV, page 588, Remarks of Prophet Joseph in the Grove, From the Journal of Elder Wilford Woodruff, page 8).



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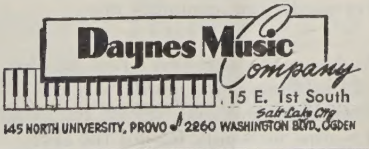

Supplementary References

1. "Relief Society Responsibilities" — President Joseph Fielding Smith, *Relief Society Magazine*, March 1954, page 150; and October 1954, page 644.

2. "But One Thing Is Needful" — Marianne C. Sharp, *Relief Society Magazine*, November 1954, page 721.

3. *The Way to Perfection*, Joseph Fielding Smith, chapter 27, pp. 179-185.

Questions for Discussion

1. What are the necessary steps in the perfection process? Why is self-analysis so difficult?

2. Why did the Prophet Joseph Smith meet with the Relief Society and instruct them often?

3. Why is it important for individual Church members to be constant in their search for perfection?

4. Point out and discuss the undesirable traits against which the Prophet warned.

5. Why was the Prophet sensitive to the evils of gossip? What are his cautions regarding the habit?

Birthday Congratulations

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Eliza Drake McManus, Roy, Utah, one hundred one; Mrs. Emma Bandley, Salt Lake City, one hundred one; Mrs. Caroline Wayman Newman, Salt Lake City, one hundred; Mrs. Margaret James, San Fernando, California, ninety-eight; Mrs. Harriett Irene Olson, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-seven; Mrs. Rose Brown Hayes, Salt Lake City, ninety-six; Mrs. Ann Burns, Logan, Utah, ninety-six; Mrs. Hannah A. Ransom, Smithfield, Utah, ninety-five; Mrs. May Watson, Salt Lake City, ninety-five; Mrs. Minerva Richards Young, Salt Lake City, ninety-four; Mrs. Margaret Jones Field, Roy, Utah, ninety-two; Mrs. Maria J. Rowland, Gretna, Virginia, ninety; Mrs. Ellen Fogelstrand Tanner, Salt Lake City, ninety; Mrs. Emma D. Harrison, Malad, Idaho, ninety; Mrs. Evelyn Cox Moffitt, Salt Lake City, ninety.

Prayer for a New Year

Vesta N. Lukei

Gently, gently let rain fall,
Not in torrents, not in flood,
But let it be, this New Year's day,
Refreshing, fragrant, mild, and good.

A link between the sky and earth
Rain sprays with jewels leaf and bough,
And reaches deep for seed, for bulb,
For needy root, exploring now.

And may this new year's rain dissolve
Old bitterness, and purify
Both heart and soul, release the mind
To grow in beauty toward the sky.

Today

Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

Today is a sunlit pathway
Between two shadowy nights,
Where oblivion and darkness
Shut out the sun's bright lights.

May I let no shadows of tomorrow,
No griefs of yesterday
Cast their clouds upon the hours
That are mine, all mine today.

If tomorrow holds but sadness,
Or never comes, for me,
I have today in which to weave
From life a lovely tapestry.

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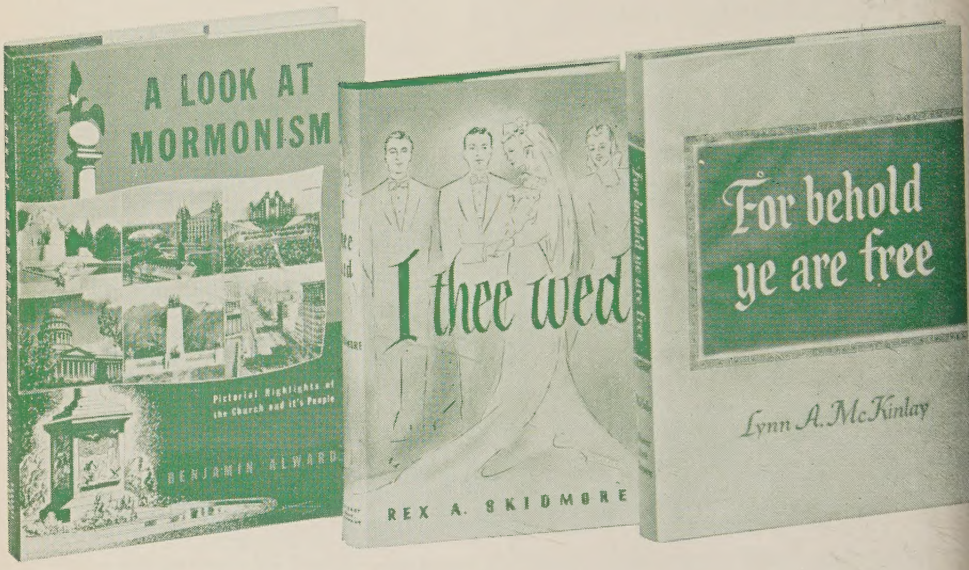

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